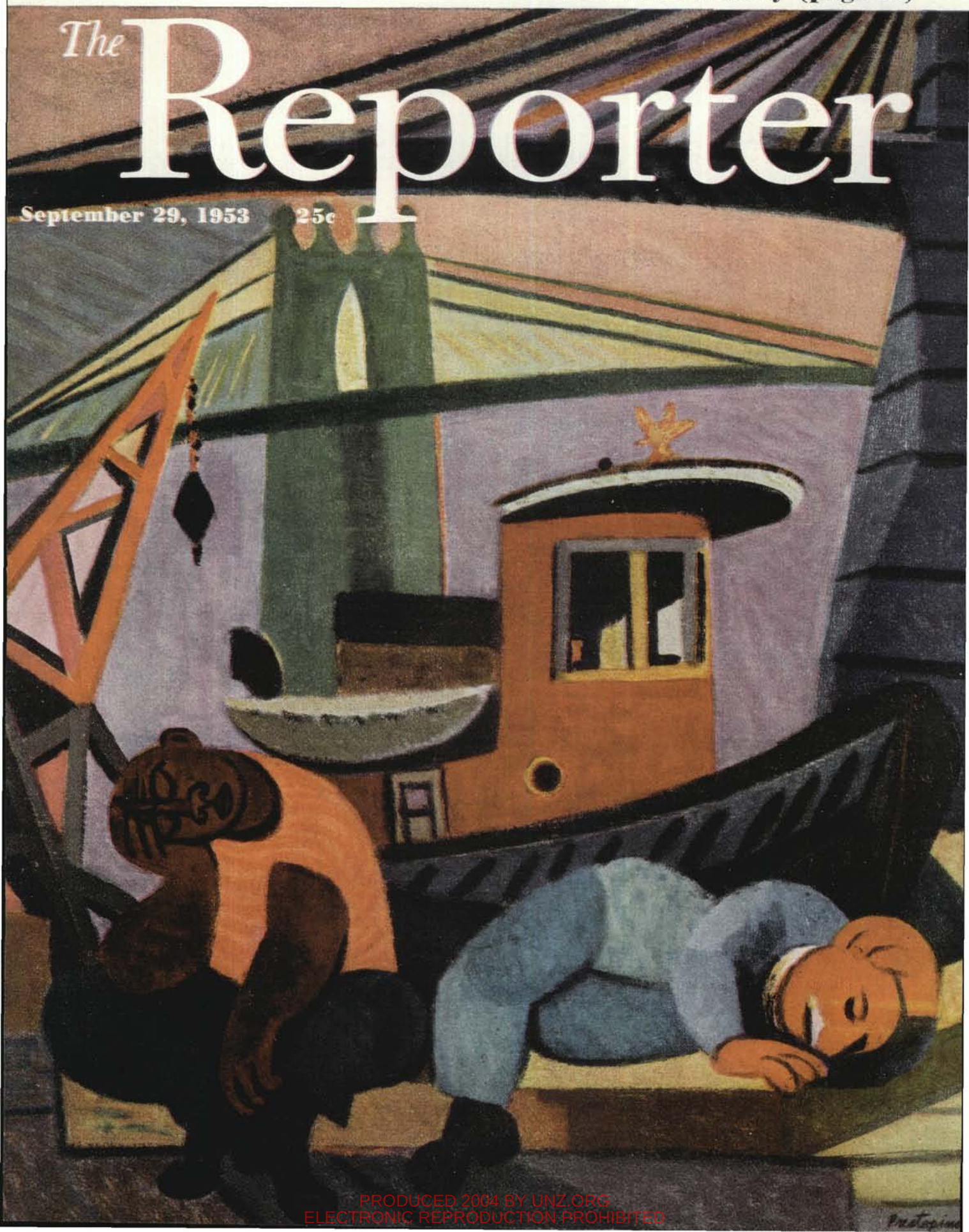
Cracks in the Atlantic Alliance

N.Y. Port Authority (page 21)



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What Books Should My Child Read *and Live with all His Lifetime?*

Of the countless books that have been published for children, only a few deserve to be loved and lived with for a whole lifetime. The fact that our children today are not reading books which measure up to these standards cannot be blamed entirely on sensational television shows, supersonic comics and smoke-filled westerns. Much of the fault lies with the parents themselves—parents who love good books but simply don't know how to rescue their children from the morass of inferior entertainment.

Modern parents must realize that television, radio, comic books and "B" movies are here to stay. Any attempt to banish them from the home is bound to be a hopeless task for they are never any further from the child than the home of his nearest friend.

How, then, can you hold back the tide of questionable influences that threatens to engulf your child's mind? The answer, strange as it may seem, lies in the very reason why your child is attracted to these influences in the first place. He turns to them because, first, they are *everywhere in his world* and, second, because they stimulate him and give him *pleasure.*

Making Good Books A Part Of Your Child's Environment

Obviously, if you wish to make good books an important factor in your child's life they have to be "everywhere" too — a permanent part of his environment. If they are available to him all the time, his inborn curiosity *must* lead him to them. It is at this point that fine children's books, if they are well chosen, begin to weave the magic spell that will make him a true *book-lover* and a *book-reader* for all the many days of his life.

Actually, if you will think on it, there is no other answer. Good books, like good food, cannot be enjoyed by force-feeding. You must rely on the basic appetite, on the instinctive human desire for better things . . . and you must make those better things available now.

The Plan is as simple as this: Give your child a place for books of his own, preferably in his room. Then add to the books he chooses for himself those stories which you feel deserve a reading by all children. Above all — have faith in the books you select. They have enraptured and nourished the minds of countless children for many generations past. Given a fair opportunity, can they do less for your child?

The World's Greatest Children's Books

Does this plan work? We point with satisfaction to the thousands of letters we have received from delighted parents who have tried it. So many of them have told us how their children — drawn one day to leaf through one of the children's classics provided through our program—were suddenly caught up in the timeless spell of a magnificent story, held in its grip until the very last page had been read. Perhaps the child suddenly found himself sailing the main with Long John Silver, sharing the perilous adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson, basking in the merry comradeship of Robin Hood's carefree band. Here was adventure, excitement, fascination just as exhilarating as that to be found in comics, television and movies — but stories which would call him back again and again through the years, always with something new to give and with old pleasure undiminished.

Does this awakening interest in good reading mean that these children suddenly lost interest in lurid comics and oversensational TV? Certainly not. But it does mean that these influences were being effectively *counterbalanced* by wholesome stories, stories that have something rich and lasting and worthwhile to give . . . stories that will be remembered and whose benefits will remain long after the trivial and sensational distractions of the day have been forgotten. As one who loves fine books and whose life has been enriched by good reading, you cannot doubt which influence, over the span of years, will prevail.

Encourage the Habit of Reading Fine Books By Starting This Library For Your Child

As we have indicated, the purpose of the Junior DeLuxe Editions Club is to help thoughtful parents create for their children an environment which invites and encourages them to read the greatest children's books of all time.

Each month the Club describes to its members the forthcoming monthly selection. There is no obligation to accept any particular selection. If for any reason you do not want it, simply notify the Club and it will not be sent. Otherwise, it is mailed together with a bill for only $1.49 plus a few cents shipping charge. Your only obligation is to accept *six* Junior DeLuxe Editions Club selections from among the twelve or more offered during the first year of membership. After that, you may continue membership for as long as you wish, or you may resign at any time. There are no added charges or further obligations of any kind — no fees, no dues, nothing else to buy.

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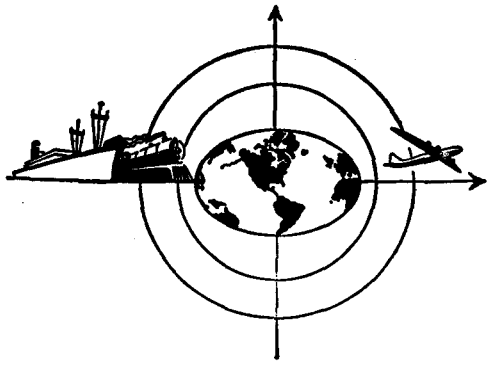

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Who Masterminds Whom?

When, in the middle of last June, Syngman Rhee released the anti-Communist prisoners of war on exactly the same days that the workers of East Germany were beating up Communists and burning red flags, many of us were inclined to find deep meaning in this coincidence. Indeed, it was said, the events in Seoul and East Berlin marked a turning point in contemporary history. The era of the Great White Fathers is over, and the dependent nations will no longer let the stage of international politics be monopolized by the two main protagonists. The bit players, from now on, will insist on a larger role.

The summer thinking on international affairs has been largely influenced by this theory; but perhaps now, with the fall breezes at long last on the way, we may well revise the thoughts we established during the season of universal perspiration. We may, for instance, look at what happened to the two sets of simultaneous rebels: The workers of East Germany and the Government of Rhee.

A few weeks after the Soviet tanks crushed the workers' revolt, the discredited puppets who played at being leaders in East Germany dutifully traveled to the puppetmakers' headquarters. The men in the Kremlin must have done quite a job of fixing up and repainting on their badly battered puppets. Now Grotewohl & Co. are back in their old roles, while a number of German workers rest in fresh graves.

On our side, the traveling has been done entirely by the representatives of our government. During the negotiations with Syngman Rhee, Mr. Robertson first, and then Mr. Dulles, have exhibited such forbearance that if saintliness were a necessary ingredient of statesmanship, both men should be counted among the great statesmen of our time.

Yet what happened later at the U.N. gives even more extraordinary evidence of what happens to us when we deal with governments that depend on us entirely—with those governments that, according to the summer theory, are somehow counterparts of the Soviet puppets. For either we are not good at puppetry or we have to deal with an extraordinary breed of puppets.

During the U.N. debate, the representatives of our government showed themselves to the whole world as hopelessly entangled in the wires they were supposed to pull. One did not know who was masterminding whom. But during the debate on India, it was pretty clear that our representatives were speaking for Syngman Rhee. To most of the U.N. delegations the whole thing must have appeared as senseless.

To many delegates familiar with our entertainment it must have looked like a sort of Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen show to which a weird new gimmick had been added. Charlie, in these new programs, was comparatively quiet, while Bergen was acting and talking, not as a ventriloquist, but as a conventional actor on a conventional stage. Most of Charlie's work was to hold a script in front of Bergen's eyes. But Bergen was nervous and ill at ease, and frequently he bungled his lines, his zest entirely lost. Obviously, there is a difference between talking for Charlie and being Charlie's mouthpiece.

Such a revamped McCarthy-Bergen show would unquestionably get a dismal rating. Aside from its not being funny, people would say it isn't plausible in the slightest degree.

In fact, during the U.N. debate on India there was nothing funny in the behavior of our delegation, and it was very hard for anyone to find it plausible.

THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION to be drawn from all this is that puppetry is not one of our national talents. And how could it be? We are a sentimental sort of people, always likely to fall into some emotional involvements. Even in this hard world of power politics, with so many poor little nations entirely dependent on us, we just cannot handle them as puppets. Rather, they become our adopted children and frequently we quarrel among ourselves about their comparative virtues.

But the men in the Kremlin are not sentimentalists. There is nothing in common between the restlessness of the imprisoned nations they rule and the bumptiousness of the nations we adopt.

Don't Worry, Friends

It has been said by many homecoming patriotic Americans: People abroad have an exaggerated notion of that peculiar American distemper which, for lack of a better name, is called McCarthyism. This applies particularly to those countries that have known fascism: They have such ingrained horror of that plague that they cannot help being frightened when they see its early symptoms in the leading nation of the West. Many a visiting American has been asked by Italian or German friends whether he has a "safe address" or a "good place to hide."

The Germans and Italians are now our friends, and there is not much use in rehashing the old argument about what, in both countries, was not done to stop the fascist blight. But certainly it is a fact that the

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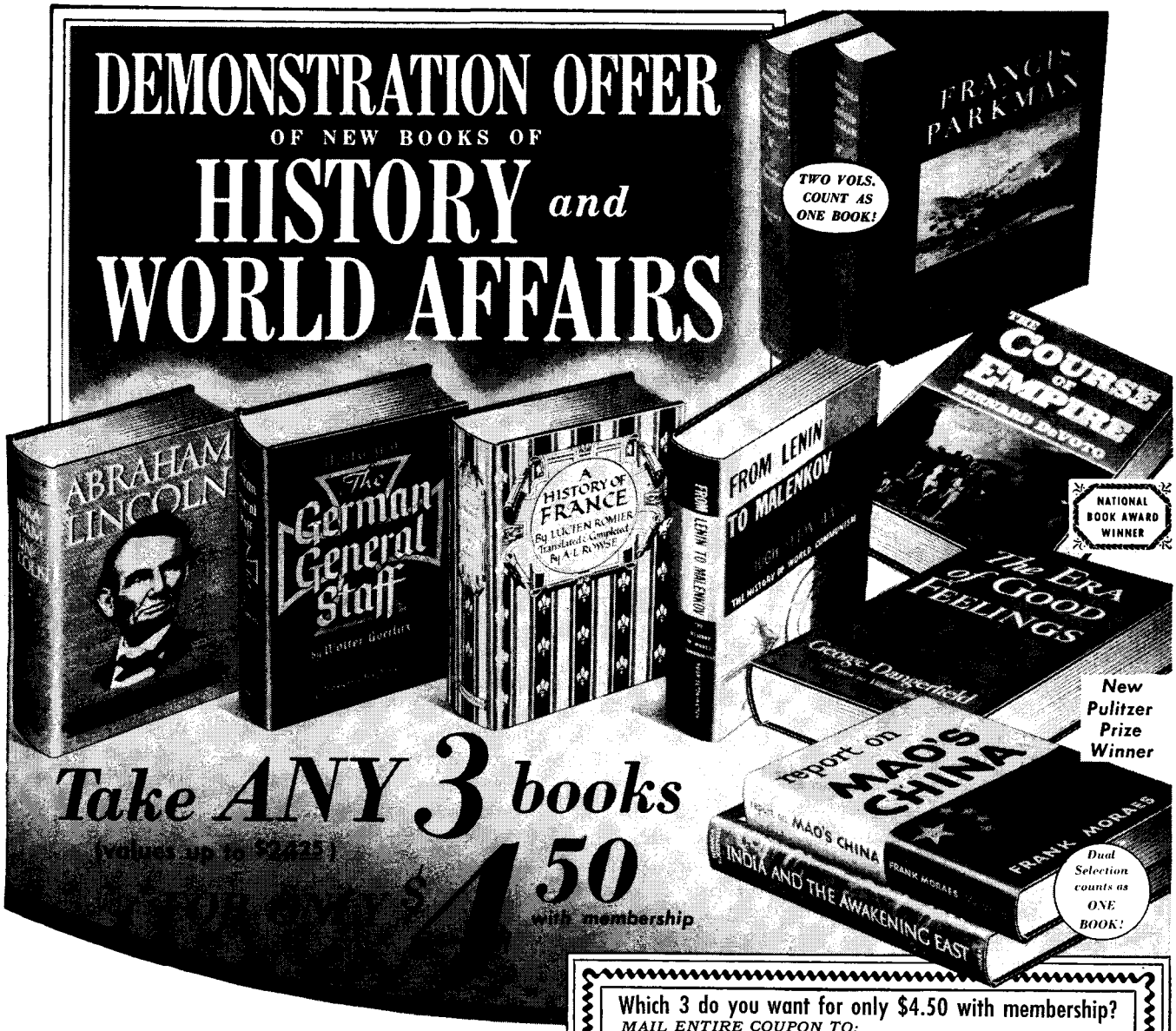

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blight could run a disastrous course because, from the beginning, no counteraction was taken.

But here there are many of us who act and counteract as the gravity of the threat demands.

There is no other way, we believe, to stop the unjustified alarm among our friends abroad than to let them know what is being done here. They knew about McCarthyism because it made news, and they will be greatly reassured when better news is made by American citizens from the President down.

This country is saner than you think.

If A Word Could Do . . .

General Matthew Ridgway, at his first press conference since becoming Army Chief of Staff, deplored the low morale of the Army, and objected to the widespread use of the word "brass." With all the respect due to such an eminent field commander, we take the liberty of disagreeing with him. The top officers of the Army are hardened, war-tested men, who can take whatever envious irony there may be in the word "brass." There is a much more demoralizing word than "brass," and that is "boys." It is a mistake and a shame to call our soldiers by that pampering, patronizing name. The moment even the greenest adolescent enters the service, he offers the country the best years of his life—and perhaps his life. If, after this act of dedication, he is not entitled to be called "man," who is?

The Big Fire

Except for some classes of farmers, it's still Boomtime U.S.A. A record 63,408,000 people were employed last month, and unemployment at 1,240,000 was lower than it has been in any month since the Second World War.

This is full employment in a free society, the economic goal of political democracies in this century. It has already lasted longer than any comparable period in our peacetime history in spite of dire warnings from the people who always underrate America's capacity to consume what it produces.

Will it continue? If the nation does go into 1954 with an undiminished boom, a couple of careless workmen in Livonia, Michigan, should have their share of thanks. For the automobile industry often seems to set the pace for American production and employment; there is evidence that the industry was beginning to produce more cars than it could sell; and the big fire in the General Motors plant at Livonia, near Detroit, on August 12 has cut back production by ten per cent or more.

Livonia was more than the greatest industrial fire we have ever had. It may also have been the most important. It apparently started with a welding torch spark dropping into a pan of inflammable cleanser, which ignited an oil-soaked conveyor belt. A moment later an unidentified employee turned a water hose on the burning oil, causing the first explosion. One and a half million square feet of steel, brick, and glass burned to the ground.

Livonia was the only plant in the country making Hydra-Matic transmissions. Cadillac, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac drew all their automatic transmissions from this plant. Outside the G.M. line, Lincoln, Hudson, and Nash were also affected because they use Hydra-Matic too. Plant damage was said to be upward of $40 million. But the loss in production of cars will be reckoned in the billions.

Industry post mortems on the fire ranged over several interesting subjects. What did it prove about concentrating production of components in a few plants—as G.M.'s Charles Wilson has been urging in Washington—rather than dispersing the A-bomb risk? How much unemployment would it create beyond the 60,000 workers immediately affected? Did it strengthen the argument for insuring businessmen against loss of earnings, since G.M. wasn't covered for that kind of risk? One delighted insurance company official was quoted as exclaiming: "This hands us the best sales argument we've had in years."

From 1948 to 1951, the automotive industry turned out an average of 5.2 million cars a year. Last year, metal shortages caught up with it, and only 4.4 million cars were produced. In its year-end review last January, the outgoing Council of Economic Advisers predicted that production in 1953 would "approximate the 1948-51 average," but that beyond this year there would be "a difficult problem of salesmanship."

Actually, the industry was already on its way to breaking its own production records. Up to the middle of August, when the G.M. fire upset all calculations, the industry had already built 4,093,533 new cars—almost two-thirds again as many as the 2,416,455 it built in the same period last year. At this rate, it might well have pushed up close to the magic figure of six million units. (*Fortune*'s pre-Livonia estimate was 5.6 million.) But the auto dealers would almost certainly have had a hard time selling this many cars, as the industry's long-term prospects for annual sales are probably five million cars or less per year. Now, with Hydra-Matic output totally blocked, any output figure over 5.5 million for 1953 would be a miracle.

How much of a slowdown in auto production can be traced back to the man with the wandering welding torch is pure guesswork at this stage. *Business Week* suggests that the industry may turn out 300,000 fewer cars in this model year than it would otherwise have done. The New York *Herald Tribune* guessed (as a "conservative estimate") that the entire industry's output would go down ten to fifteen per cent for the rest of this year, which would be in the same range.

So if demand for new cars is going to taper off after this year, and if production was showing signs of exceeding demand even this year, the Livonia disaster may have been some kind of well-disguised blessing.

Mood Indigo

The coming buyers' market for automobiles has produced some advice from the National Automobile Dealers Association. That body, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, has warned dealers not to sing the blues when talking to reporters.

"If a newspaper reporter calls you, take care that you don't feed him a lot of depression-making fuel. It might even be your theory, but, if you advance it enough it might produce the 'recession' that can and will really hurt. Just remember, sad songs are contagious."

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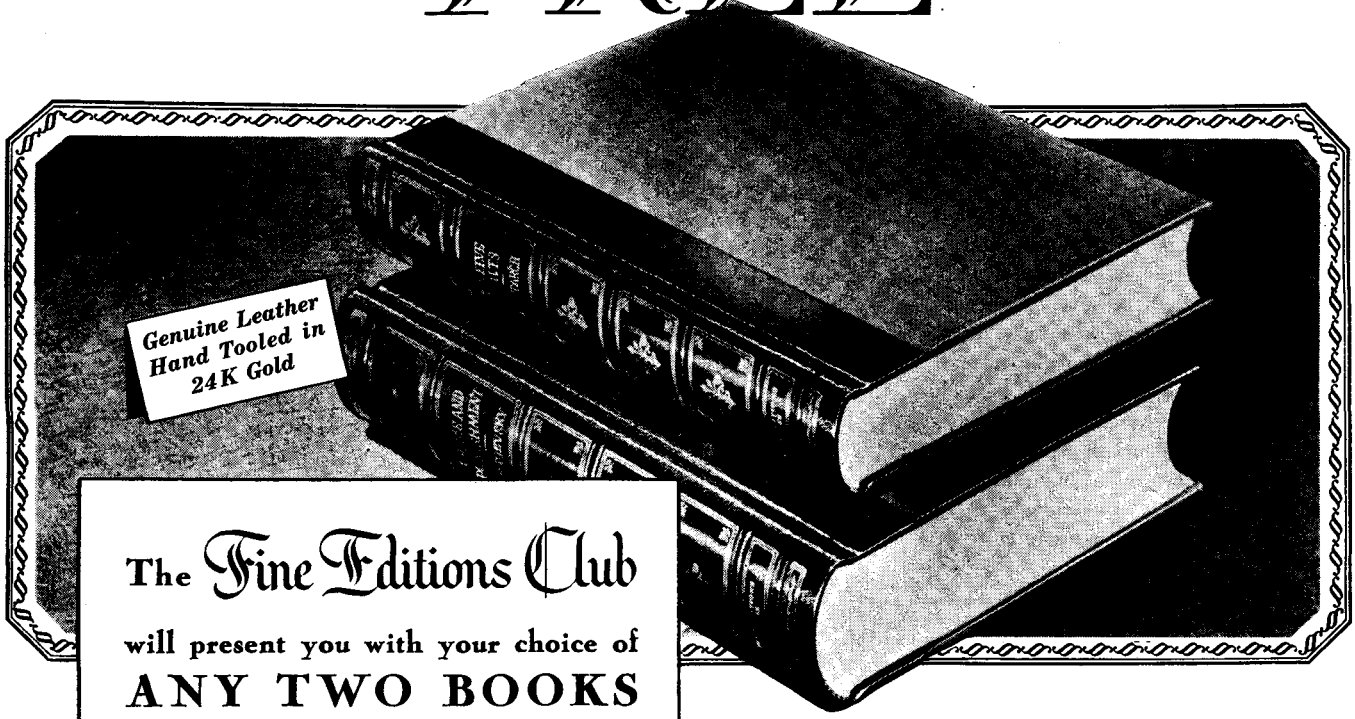

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE SYMPTOMS this year are different, but France and Italy are suffering from the same disease. It is an oversimplification to call this trouble "stomach Communism"; it is weightier than the list of Communist voters, deeper than physical hunger. Too many Frenchmen and Italians are preoccupied with the idea that they aren't getting a fair share of what they produce. And so effective government in these two countries has suffered a stroke this year, brought on by growing anger at things as they are.

The nature of the French strikes made it particularly hard to get a story on them. When we asked our European correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** for a report, he interrupted his vacation in the south of France but was unable to get back to Paris and finally cabled the story from Toulouse. In addition to his article an excerpt from White's forthcoming book about Europe occupies our editorial pages in this issue.

Staff writer **Claire Sterling,** who writes about Socialist Pietro Nenni and his challenge to the Christian Democratic Government of Premier Giuseppe Pella, reports regularly on Italian affairs.

You may think that a port authority would have authority over a port. Not necessarily so, says **William S. Fairfield,** who has looked into the ramified concerns of the Port of New York Authority and raised some questions about the public responsibility of this mushrooming type of public enterprise. Mr. Fairfield will be remembered as co-author of our wire-tapping series and for his story on the gambling industry in Las Vegas. He is now traveling and reporting on national affairs for *The Reporter.*

EVER SINCE 1769, when patents were issued to James Watt for his steam engine and to Richard Arkwright for his spinning frame, men who work in factories have worried that the scientists and engineers would make them obsolete. The opposite has happened. As the Industrial Revolution gave each worker command over more power and machinery, his rising productivity eventually tended to bring him a better life, and created a need for more and more workers.

According to **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.,** some workers in twentieth-century Gary, Indiana, are still afraid. Mr. Bloomberg has recorded several times in these pages the impressions of his friends in the steel mills where he used to work. He will teach a social-science course at the University of Chicago this autumn.

Ray Alan is the pseudonym of an Englishman who usually writes from and about the Near East. In this issue he reports on an international incident with France and England as its locale.

TWO OF OUR regular contributors have been roaming around Europe this summer. **Marya Mannes** sent us her report on Hamburg after several weeks of traveling and reporting in Germany. Her article is illustrated by **Fred Zimmer,** a frequent art contributor, who also happened to be in Hamburg. **Bill Mauldin** spent a couple of months in Europe too, revisiting some places he had come to know well while he was under fire as a *Stars and Stripes* representative nine years ago.

Our review of "Salome" was done by **William Lee Miller,** who teaches Christian Ethics at Yale University and edits the religious journal *Social Action.* He wrote the article "Religion, Politics, and the Great Crusade" in the July 7 issue.

Eric Larrabee, associate editor of *Harper's Magazine,* was a member of a group sent to Africa last winter by the Carnegie Corporation.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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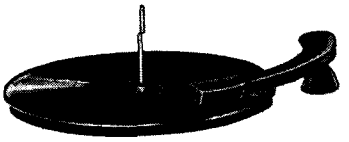

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CLOSED DOOR

To the Editor: Congratulations on the splendid editorial "The Closed Door in China" (*The Reporter,* September 1). I should like to carry the thoughts in it a little further: So far as an outsider can see we shall enter into peace negotiations without being willing to offer any inducement for a united Korea. We talk only in the unyielding tones of complete victory—which we haven't achieved. This makes peace impossible.

And yet we have coveted prizes in our hands that, if granted by us, cost us nothing, indeed that will benefit us if we grant them. Concession No. 1 is the one you urge: admission of Red China to the U.N. Assembly, the Chinese Nationalists also reduced to the Assembly, and the vacant seat in the Security Council to be occupied in due season by India.

Equally important is Concession No. 2: trade between Japan and China. If we continue to thwart that trade, we face an annual contribution of at least three-quarters of a billion toward Japan's deficit for an indefinite period. By obtaining iron and coal from China, Japan's manufactures will cost less, Japan will increase its trade with other Asiatic countries, and its trade with China, always its best customer, should enable it in a short time to balance its budget in international trade without contributions from us. As you know, Japan's Diet has unanimously demanded free trade between China and Japan, because that is Japan's lifeline. Ultimately, we will have to permit it. Why not use it in negotiations, while we are still free, and get what we want for it?

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane

To the Editor: Any gain that the U. S. may obtain [from the line of approach suggested in Harlan Cleveland's editorial "The Closed Door in China"] is at best problematic. On the other hand, the loss that will accrue is fairly certain. Such a "compromise and barter" policy is a sure blow to the faith that the Chinese government on Formosa and some other Asiatic countries have in the U. S. foreign policy. It will undermine the moral leadership of the United States in the Orient. Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, Indo-China, the Philippines, Japan, and even India and Pakistan may entertain legitimate doubts as to where this "barter" policy will stop. In the United Nations, the certain way for the United States to lose its grasp upon the action of allies is a faltering and wavering leadership.

I still believe the solution to the Far Eastern problem lies in a display of the strength of United States policy. That calls for the conclusion of a mutual defense pact comprising all the anti-Communist nations, under United States sponsorship, at the earliest possible opportunity.

CHINESE OBSERVER
Washington

To the Editor: Harlan Cleveland's editorial on China is a clear analysis and in my view constitutes a number of thoughtful and constructive suggestions.

With regard to the point that admission of the Peking régime to the United Nations should not mean substituting it for the Nationalist Government, I am troubled by the assumption upon which such a suggestion is based. Specifically, it is my impression that one of the few things, if not the only thing, upon which the two régimes are in agreement is that Formosa should not be regarded as a separate or independent entity.

As to the Security Council question, I am certain that both the Soviet Government and the Nationalist régime itself would veto an amendment to the Charter which would have as its purpose the substitution of any other state for China as a permanent member of the Security Council.

Having made these two comments of a critical nature, I repeat my expression of admiration for the editorial as a whole and for its value.

ERNEST A. GROSS
New York

To the Editor: . . . I am absolutely certain in my own mind that as India goes, so will go Asia. If Nehru succeeds in raising the level of living of his people by democratic means, the other free nations of Asia will have a fighting chance to remain free.

PAUL G. HOFFMAN
Los Angeles

WEEKLY PAPERS (Cont.)

To the Editor: Having edited and published several weekly newspapers and from my knowledge of at least one hundred, I would say conservatively that no less than about five per cent of these papers could be genuinely indignant about James Munves's article "How to Embalm a Newspaper" (*The Reporter,* August 4).

I have seen and been a part of newspapers which fall almost perfectly into the picture presented by this article, although I must say that it is not always the publisher's choice. Morally, of course, such shady practices are wrong, but, unfortunately, there is competition to be met. and this is where the average-size marginally operated weekly newspaper is up against it. If the competing paper falsifies circulation, doubles bills, prostitutes news columns, and manipulates ad rates, the honest publisher soon may find himself out on the limb of falling business.

These evils are not wholly confined to weeklies, either. But the larger the publication, the more the publisher can afford to be honest right down the line—if he really wants to be. And more of them may actively want to be after Munves's article succeeds in bringing the mess into the open.

BARTON KANE
Boston

REUTERS'S INDEPENDENCE

To the Editor: In Mr. Raymond Swing's article "V.O.A.—A Survey of the Wreckage" (*The Reporter,* July 21) there is a reference to Reuters as "the semi-official British agency." This reference is inaccurate; just as presumably Mr. Swing would agree, it would be erroneous to describe the Associated Press or the United Press as "the semi-official American agency."

Reuters is an independent news-gathering organization co-operatively owned by the newspapers of Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, and is operated on almost identical lines to the A.P.

D. KIMPTON ROGERS
Reuters, Ltd.
New York

MORE LAURELS FOR CBS

To the Editor: I was most interested in Marya Mannes' piece (*The Reporter,* August 4) in which she commented on radio and TV news coverage and compared the various networks.

I quite agree with her conclusion that CBS has far outstripped its competition in this field. But, reading her article, I kept wanting her to tell us why and how this happened. It seems to me that there are two very good reasons:

First, all the CBS newscasters and commentators are experienced journalists; they are not just news readers. Each newscaster at CBS has final editorial supervision over the preparation of the material he presents, and usually writes his important leads and "think" stuff himself.

Second—and more important—all regular CBS newscasters are employed by the network and not by the sponsors: Lowell Thomas is the only exception. In this manner, CBS keeps complete editorial and production control of all news shows, radio and TV. A sponsor or advertising agency never sees the script of a CBS news show, nor has he any voice in its production. This is a matter of policy, and is made quite clear to sponsors before they buy a news show on the network. And this, I think, is as it should be. It certainly is in keeping with the classic but widely ignored journalistic tradition of separation of the editorial and business functions, and, I am sure, has contributed mightily to what Miss Mannes calls CBS's "reason and reliability."

ANN LAROCHE
New York

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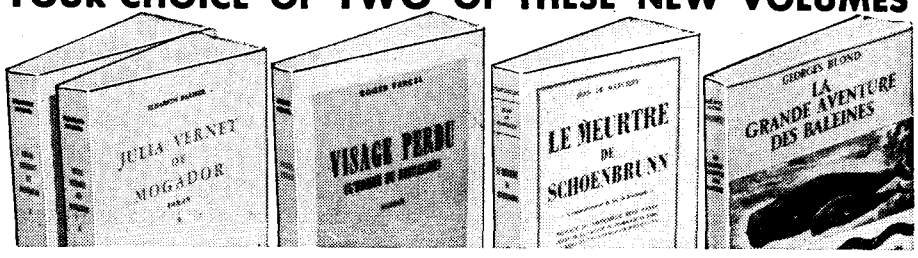

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Fire in the Ashes

We are glad to devote the editorial pages to a part of the concluding chapter from Theodore White's book Fire in the Ashes, *which will be published by Sloane on October 28, and which will be distributed as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.*

Two current problems of Europe . . . press like twin nightmares on the day-to-day operation of American diplomacy across the Atlantic.

The first of these is the recurrent economic stagnation of western Europe; the second is the German problem.

The first complication—Europe's economic stagnation—is the most inviting area of vulnerability to Russian attack. Nothing is more eloquent of Russian thinking than the stability of Russian garrison strength in central Europe since the war. It is questionable, looking back, that the Red Army's garrison divisions were ever deployed for attack at a preconceived date. It is more likely that they represented an insurance policy, a guarantee in the Russian mind that if an accident happened [the Red Army] would be able to strike swiftly and mop up easily, or at any rate, jump off with an advantage while their home reserves rolled in for a second and finishing blow.

The NATO effort to purchase a counterinsurance policy was as necessary in our counterstrategy as was the Russian garrison in [the Russians']. But this effort has been so costly and the emotion needed to force it on the taxpayer so intense that it has diverted the United States from the original interrupted purpose of American intervention in Europe in 1947, which was the Marshall Plan whose goal was originally set as the reorganization of European economic life. It is usually forgotten that the Marshall Plan expired in quiet, halfway through . . . without ever having finished its tasks.

Western Europe thus lies vulnerable today not so much to Russian military aggression as to Russian political-economic aggression. At this writing, the Organization of European Economic Cooperation reports that production in western Europe, after rising ten per cent a year from 1948 through 1951, has been stationary since the beginning of 1952 and is sustained chiefly by [our] boom and the domestic arms effort which is so unpopular politically.

Although the full political impact of a rising standard of living in Russia may be twenty years away—or even further—Russia's growth has given her powers of economic disruption which are immediate. Though Russia's masters may be unable to give their growing population for many years much more than their present meager pantry supplies, they may find it quite profitable politically to dump wheat on the world market, selling it cheaply to Britain, Germany, or the other major European importers, at once, to cut them away from America. Though millions of ordinary Russians do not even dream of driving their own automobiles, Russia's masters may well buy up oil they do not need. . . .

THE SECOND PROBLEM within Europe—Germany—is diplomatically even more perplexing than economic stagnation.

Since 1947, all American diplomacy in Europe has been erected on the assumption that Germany was permanently split and that West Germany could thus be brought to mesh its strength in a greater dynamic west European union. The rigid counterdiplomacy of Josef Stalin made this assumption valid and permitted us what success we have so far won. But it now lies in the power of Stalin's successors to undo our diplomacy by undoing his. Should they offer to give up East Germany on condition that West Germany repudiate association with the West through European Union, they might be able to undo all our work overnight.

This prospect of a Russian offer on East Germany haunts our statesmen. But what is usually ignored is how deeply intertwined this problem is with the problems of Europe's economic health. The Germans, whether split or united, will probably swing to the power bloc that offers them the greatest opportunity to thrive and earn a living. Germany's amazing recovery has taken place in the post-Korean boom, when both devastated Germany and the entire world clamored for hard goods. But the Germans have not yet been forced to face a buyer's market, or meet the competition of the more efficient heavy industries of Britain and the United States. The slight downturn of 1949 in world trade found the Ruhr eager and avid to sell and trade its goods with the Russian world; a major depression

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might twist all German commercial aspirations in that direction. The Germans are a people not yet naturally and traditionally convinced of democratic values; while many Germans cherish freedom, many would willingly sacrifice it for other benefits. Behind the dignified façade of the Bonn government these contrary impulses clash. The problem of the division of Germany is technically manageable as long as the western world is booming, for Germany, no matter what compact is signed on paper, will gravitate to the most inviting and most vigorous of the rival blocs. In a depressed Europe and a depressed world, however, Germany, even staked down by our half million troops, will be tugged politically and emotionally away from us.

IF THESE twin problems—Germany and economic stagnation—are intertwined, certain strategic measures are obviously necessary to meet them at once.

The first is so necessary even from a domestic point of view that it needs no laboring. It is that our economy be so managed, at whatever cost, that no 1929-style depression recur. A depression of this depth is the only thing absolutely certain to rip apart the entire structure of resistance to a Communist-dominated world.

The next is the encouragement of a system of trade which lets Europeans both trade in our markets and share in the resources of the trading world which at the moment is dominated by America. It is impossible to keep western European industries from exchanging what they produce with the Soviet world if they cannot squeeze through the tariff barriers of the United States to earn the dollars they need to buy our goods.

Yet, again, a third measure is the support of the movement toward European Union. This movement is important not so much because the German troops it promises may be used militarily, but because it is the only authentic structural change yet proposed that may rock western Europe off dead center.

European Union, it should be stressed, is not an iron-clad guarantee of dynamic forward motion; it is only the opportunity. The use Europeans make of the opportunity depends mostly on them.

But the United States can help. It can help, technically, by underwriting on the American capital market the investment loans of the Schuman Plan already adequately underwritten by its High Authority, or it can help by tax concession to American investors in such foreign bonds as are deemed in the national interest. It can help, even now, with money. Though the first enthusiasm for the Marshall Plan is over, the United States will be appropriating billions for foreign aid as far into the future as one can see. At the moment, this aid is rigidly linked to military purposes. Yet if Congress would permit, once more, a flexible approach so that the sum might be used either for military or civilian aid, we might be able with far less money to do more good. For now, with the experience of the Marshall Plan behind us, we know where the bottlenecks are that must be smashed, where the Communist political strongholds are, and what the argument is about, and we could earmark our grants, politically, not for relief, or for budget balancing, but for specific social and structural reforms.

If these are the burdens on American policy, burdens equally grave lie upon Europe. For the Europeans are as responsible for the present . . . strain in the Atlantic Community as are [we].

Europeans have a tendency—all too human—to blame all their ills and failures on American leadership, as if the perils and problems America crudely forces them to grapple with were of American manufacture, and not the ugly face of reality. . . .

Much can be overlooked—even the European attitude toward the Korean War. Though nothing in postwar history, except the Marshall Plan, more swiftly raised American prestige in European eyes than our defense of Korea, no other American action was more swiftly transformed into a source of emotional criticism of America. Many Europeans look on the American effort in Korea as a twentieth-century reproduction of the Northwest Frontier wars between India and Afghanistan—a far-off [border], held on a skirmish line between civilization and barbarism, which can be manned for decades with adventure-seeking regular officers and the sodden outcasts of industrial unemployment. For them, MIG Alley is the equivalent of the Khyber Pass. . . . Europeans focus generally, in their thinking, on the ugly phenomena the Korean War has produced in American domestic politics, or on the exaggerated military burdens which American emotion demands of them.

American diplomacy can—and must—overlook this attitude if the [alliance] is to survive; it must overlook many other European failings and faults.

What American diplomacy cannot overlook, what it must hold Europeans primarily responsible for, is to provide the initiative and will to make of their own resources a new life. If the chief burden of America's diplomacy in Europe is to aid Europe toward the expanding, fluid society, the chief duty of the Europeans in this strategy is to make themselves healthy, to tear down what is ancient, has become useless with age, and go forward to make opportunity for each of their individuals.

This is the essential drama of Europe, for there is fire in the ashes of the old civilization. America can fan it to flame or smother it, but the flame cannot be fed from America; it must blaze with its own resources.

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France: The Match And the Powder Keg

THEODORE H. WHITE

LATE TUESDAY EVENING, August 4, in Bordeaux, a quiet French seaboard city of brown and dove-gray buildings, several score postal workers closed their sacks, slammed shut their windows, tucked the last letters into the pigeonhole slots along the wall, and declared the central post office of Bordeaux on strike.

Within three days of this action, all France—calm, peaceful, dozing in the heat of the vacation month—was paralyzed, its life torn by a series of social convulsions that were to persist even longer, reach even further, and prove infinitely more costly than the historic sitdown strikes of the Popular Front in June, 1936.

The wildcat strike of Bordeaux postal workers had dropped like a match into a powder keg and France had blown wide open.

In the already gathering mythology of the strike, one anecdote has been seized on to explain the unplanned Bordeaux walkout, an anecdote illuminating for its very triviality. According to this anecdote the omission of only four words on a mimeographed sheet of paper triggered the action that reduced the government of France to impotence.

The mimeographed sheet was the draft of a decree which the new Laniel Government in Paris was preparing in order to rationalize the contradictory pension system of France's government employees. These workers are roughly classed, for pension purposes, into "active" personnel, who may retire on pension at fifty-five, and "sedentary" personnel, who may retire at sixty. In reshuffling these categories, the draft decree had omitted four words—"postmen and postal employees" from the list of those workers who would still be classified as "active" and thus would retain their rights to a pension at fifty-five. The draft had fallen into labor-union hands; a copy reached the non-Communist Force Ouvrière postal workers' union in Bordeaux. Deciding to warn the Administration before the official promulgation of the decree, the Bordeaux leaders called their workers out. Next morning they found themselves backed by the national union

of Force Ouvrière postal workers. Next day the Communist and Catholic unions lent their support. By Friday railway workers, transportation workers, and municipal workers all over France had walked out in sympathy.

This anecdote is usually quoted as gospel by those Frenchmen who like to say that the entire strike began in a *malentendu,* or misunderstanding, for over the weekend the Government assured everyone that it had no intention of transferring active pavement-pounding postmen into the "sedentary" classification. Yet, whether true or not, the anecdote and the general explanation of misunderstanding have a historic validity. What happened was indeed a *malentendu*—but a *malentendu* far greater than any that could be caused by omission of the four words.

WHAT HAPPENED was the misunderstanding of a nation by its elected leadership, of workers by their union chiefs, of the people by itself. The French Assembly was off on vacation, the Minister of Postal Affairs was visiting far away in Lisbon, and the workers themselves were thronging vacation routes for the ritual August break. Labor chieftains—Socialist, Catholic, Communist—had all discussed the strike action since early July but decided it was impossible until autumn. Socialist Force Ouvrière chieftains had met as late as July 20 to discuss the forthcoming government decrees and had decided that the August lassitude made a strike impossible.

And then all of France erupted. However blurred the immediate technical issues that provoked the strikes, the true cause of the August upheaval rises clear and ominous, inescapable as a dark mountain profile on the scenery of French life.

Starch or Starvation

This cause is simple, homespun misery, so persistent, so normal, so long enduring that most Frenchmen had almost forgotten about it—most Frenchmen, that is, except five million workers, white-collar and blue-denim alike, who attempt to live on what in France is called a living wage.

Half of all postal workers who

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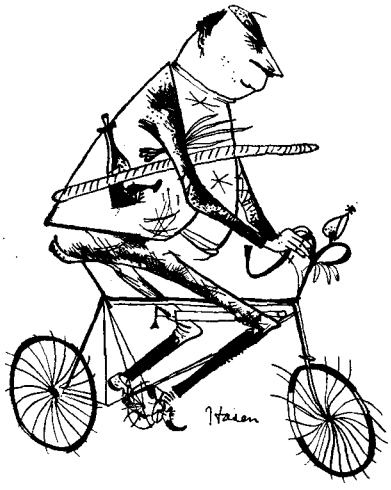

went on strike August 6 earn less than 28,000 francs ($70) a month, or the equivalent of $18 a week. White-collar clerks and station agents of the railway system, which struck to support them, average 25,000 francs a month, $16 a week. A highly skilled locomotive engineer may, with overtime pay, earn between 40,000 and 50,000 francs, or $30 a week. Five million French workers (forty per cent of the nation's labor force) earn 23,000 francs or less monthly, the equivalent of $14 a week. Although the standard minimum wage is 20,000 francs for forty hours, thousands must accept less work for less money.

With these wages, they face a price situation that keeps them and their children in hunger or bloated with the starch of price-fixed bread, the only reasonably priced item in their diet. Butter costs $1.15 a pound; a dozen eggs cost $1; meat runs from a cheap cut at sixty cents a pound to leg of lamb at $1.50 a pound. Children's shoes cost $5, the equivalent of two days' pay; a work-shirt costs $2.50, men's cheap suits cost $60. Pasty-faced, surly, embittered, these people and their children see themselves excluded from the national recovery that has affected every other group—farmers, professionals, businessmen, shopkeepers, merchants, and others whose ostentatious luxury taunts the poor. While in almost every modern country over the past twenty years workers have won a higher percentage of the gross national product in salaries and wages, in France, despite the addition of elaborate social-security benefits, their portion in wages and salaries has dropped. Not only do workers get a share of today's output they consider unfairly low, but they are getting progressively less all the time. The management of the nationalized Renault plant estimated this spring that its workers probably were receiving less by ten per cent or more in real wages than they had two years before.

Moreover, these workers live in slums fetid with filth and disease. The metropolitan area of Paris—an urban agglomeration of nearly six million people—has built in eight years since the liberation only 3,500 low-cost housing units, while the minimum estimated need is 20,000 yearly. Half of all the new private housing built in Paris since the war is concentrated in the single *arrondissement* of Passy, where live the comfortable, well-to-do, and fat. In *les quartiers populaires*, or working-class districts, one recent survey estimated that eighty-two per cent of the housing is over ninety years old. Many of these houses lack hot running water, indoor toilets, and central heating. These facts are generally accepted by the rest of France as tragic but immutable.

Workers remember that the insurrectionary liberation, most of whose muscle they supplied, promised one of the most advanced welfare states ever blueprinted — nationalized industries, automatic wage increases, complete social-security coverage. But nationalized industries have proved no more generous as employers than private industry. Eighteen successive wage rises since the liberation have evaporated in inflation. The social-security system alone remains solid. It guarantees the worker something his monetary wages can no longer buy—a status in law, the legal obligation of society to take care of him. It guarantees him summer camps for his children, medical care, baby subsidies, and pensions upon retirement. This system provides the only economic balm for people rubbed raw by misery.

The Welfare Abscess

No reasonable person can look at the French system of social security without being appalled by its confusion, its contradictions, its sheer inefficiency, and the manner in which it has abscessed the economics of French production. The French railway system, for example, has almost as many pensioners as active employees. Labor leaders themselves insist that social security must be overhauled if only to perform better its essential functions.

It was precisely this the new Laniel Government attempted to do. Its draft decrees were designed by the most socially conscious member of the Cabinet, Edgar Faure.

What happened was, to be sure, *malentendu*. At the first touch of the draftsman's pen to the decree revising the pension system and paring away social-security status, suddenly, convulsively, with the itching irritation of a baited beast, the workers walked out. Not against their mythical enemy, the *patron* or capitalist boss, but against the state. For in socialized France the state, employing over two million persons, white-collar and industrial labor alike, is the biggest boss.

And once out, with their grievances given tongue, no simple bureautic revision of phrase would win them back. Having challenged the state, they wanted to talk about wages, prices, salaries, and misery as well as pensions. Their skills and energies were the skeleton of the state, and without them the government itself could not function. It was this discovery that gave a curious dreamlike calm to the crisis that rocked the nation. For this discov-

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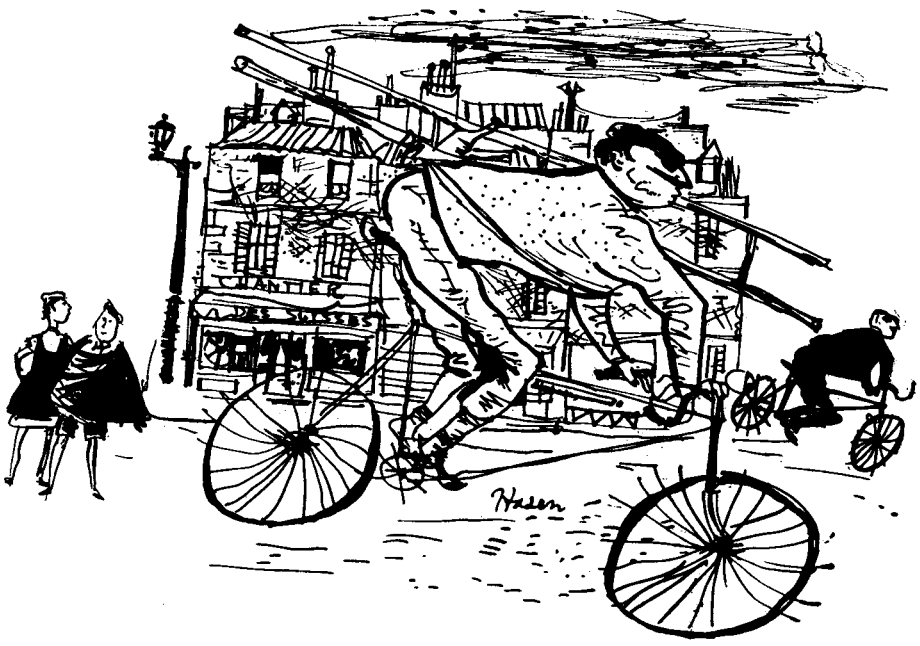

ery happened simultaneously to three sets of leaders at once—Socialist, Catholic, and Communist.

THE French labor movement, for all its fiery oratory, is probably the weakest and most divided in any western democracy. Fallen now from its early postwar high of six million union members controlled rigidly by the Communist-led CGT to its present total of 2.5 million, what is left of organized labor is divided into three warring national federations. The Communist-dominated CGT, which has not led a single successful strike in the past six years, is estimated to marshal 1.5 million workers at most. The Socialist-led Force Ouvrière and the Catholic-led Christian Workers Federation (CFTC) optimistically count half a million workers apiece. Between the Socialist and Catholic leaders (who normally co-operate) on the one hand and the Communist leaders on the other festers a deadly enmity. At any time during the past six years the three trade-union federations together might have brought French life to a standstill by unity on the picket lines. But this unity was utterly unachievable because of Communist insistence that each strike be a political springboard to the ultimate goal of a Communist state and the extinction of liberty and democracy. This, of course, the two other trade-union federations would not tolerate. Strike after strike thus foundered in France as labor leaders divided. They have confused their own rank and file, and given to the government and private industry the impression that labor discontent could be forever ignored. Until last month France had forgotten how much potential explosive was latent in the sheer human misery of French workers.

The spontaneous walkouts in August thus caught everyone by surprise. I visited "Red" Marseilles to call at the Force Ouvrière strike headquarters for southern France. The bemused regional chief said: "Nothing like this ever happened before. We have comrades going out on the streets without even asking what the issues are. They're just walking out. After the demonstration strikes of the first three days we urged workers back to the job and I thought we had it settled. I went off for a weekend in the Alps—and when I got back to Nice Monday I found we had a strike all over France."

Caught thus at the tail of the parade that was forming without them, the union chiefs—Socialist, Communist and Catholic — raced madly toward the head of the procession to capture its leadership. The Force Ouvrière had started the strike in the postal system; Catholics and Communists charged in with support. The Communists called a strike on the railways to recapture the lead; the Socialists and Catholics supported the move and then outdid the Communists by calling out gas workers for ten days. Strike call succeeded strike call as four million workers closed down the railways and mines, strangled telephonic, mail, and cable communication, and at various times and various places grounded France's planes, crippled the generation of gas and electricity, locked hospital doors, shut down bakeries and slaughterhouses, halted busses, streetcars, and subways, closed steel mills, blast furnaces, clothing shops, and auto plants, and left garbage stinking in summer streets.

Somnolent Uprising

As the strikes developed, a singular mood settled over France. No violence or bloodshed occurred. Both government and workers, realizing that France was on the threshold of disaster, stood transfixed with fear, hesitating before the strike blow. It was a golden summer and for many workers it seemed as easy not to work as to do so. Summer lightened the immediate burden of economic want. Almost every working-class family could, in a pinch, make out by buying bread and vegetables on baby subsidies or family allocations coming in from the social-security system. Private industry, relatively untouched by strikes, organized to replace government services. The chambers of commerce handled mail and organized transportation for stranded tourists. Truckers assured the food supply for large cities. In the big cities, army transport battallions replaced busses and urban transport. But it was mostly the strikers themselves who kept France functioning, permitting urgent mes-

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sages to pass over the telegraph system and guaranteeing basic public-health facilities, but only under their own leadership.

It was the Socialist and Catholic trade-union leaders who first realized, long before the Government itself, what the real issues were.

Fighting a desperate internal defense action against Communist attempts to grab the strike leadership from them, they faced simultaneously the opposition of the blustering, obdurate Government, which felt sure the strikes would collapse of their own weight and refused even to discuss the strike issues before the unconditional submission of the workers.

The Socialist and Catholic leadership was pushed from beneath by massive grass-roots pressures. The strikers would not go back without a minimum net gain and guarantees against reprisals. Yet the non-Communist labor leaders knew that if the strikes went on it lay in their power not only to overturn the Cabinet but the very machinery of the state itself.

While in Paris political bandwagon jumpers and those disturbed in conscience shrieked for immediate reconvening of the National Assembly, strike leaders in the provinces took a more realistic view. At the peak of the strike, one of these leaders said to me, sitting in his Marseilles office at the crowded, buzzing labor headquarters, "If the Assembly reconvenes while the strike is still on, no one can predict what may happen. If they submit to us, then parliamentary government is at the mercy of strikers and they are no longer sovereign. But if they don't submit to us, they'll have to try to crush us by force. The Assembly can't function with a gun at its head. We can't go on like this because the nation is at our mercy. We have to feed cities, clean the streets, take care of the sick, and let people work. Down here on the coast we've taken the responsibility for seeing that food gets through to all children's camps, and we're clearing garbage ourselves. But if this continues we'll replace the Government. And it's difficult to keep the Communists from fusing with us at the base. The Government has got to sit down and negotiate with us; it's got to discuss issues. Sooner or later the pension and social-security system has got to be revised, but they've got to talk it over with us first, not do it with an ax."

Paris Catches On

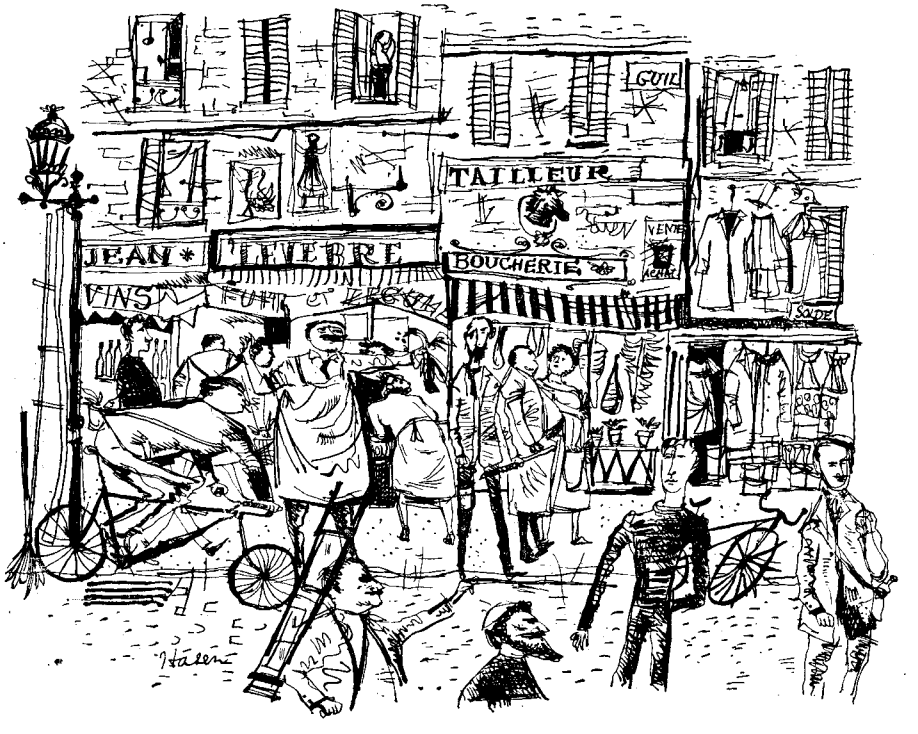
It took two full weeks before this grass-roots logic sank in in Paris. During these two weeks the Government said "No" to conversations with strike leaders, said "No" to concessions to strike leaders, and said "No" to amnesty for strike leaders, until finally, faced with the chaotic prospect of reconvening the Assembly and the division in its own Cabinet, it crumpled to say "Yes" to all the original demands of the Socialist and Catholic federations.

Even then the drift back to work, under the goading of the Catholic and Socialist trade-union leadership, was slow. Gradually mail and other public services were restored. Then the non-Communist unions called off the strike in the metallurgical industries, leaving the Communists isolated so they had to follow suit. In a few days the last Communist strongholds, in the mines and the railway system, yielded and the August convulsion was over. But the entire rickety structure of French politics had been permanently weakened.

These seem to be the immediate residues of the strikes:

The gap between the people of France and their leadership has been exposed as so terribly vast that it is now questionable whether the National Assembly, trade unions, or any other responsible body represents the nation or is in touch with its deeper moods. No single new name or leader emerged from the August strike action; had such a new man or group stood forth he or it might now dominate French politics.

Despite the foregoing statements,



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the greatest net gain in prestige and power so far has gone to the democratic trade unions, primarily to the Socialist Force Ouvrière, secondarily to the Catholic CFTC. This is probably all to the good. It should now be apparent to the mass of French workers that the first successful strikes since the war have been led not by Communists but by dedicated anti-Communists.

It is further obvious that after eight years of fumbling no machinery has yet been perfected for giving workers a representative voice in those great enterprises controlled and owned by the state. The chief unfinished business of socialism in France, as in Britain and elsewhere, is how to distinguish between the state as sovereign dispenser of justice and the state as simple industrial employer subject to the normal laws of industrial bargaining and normal labor standards.

Finally, it is immediately obvious that for the next three or four months French politics will rest on quicksand. The discontent that so spontaneously erupted in August has been stamped down only by last-minute concessions, the moderation of the democratic strike leaders, and the promise of a basic re-examination of wages, prices, and national economic policy. Having recognized their own strength, the workers are unlikely to wait eight more years before exercising it again. The Assembly, whether it meets in September or October, can no longer rest unresponsive to this discontent. It must move now and swiftly to allay its causes or prepare to crush it at the next test.

Italy: How Far Left of Center?

CLAIRE STERLING

THE FACT that Italy has finally gotten a Government, after almost a whole summer without one, is not too much to cheer about. The new Prime Minister, Giuseppe Pella, is able, honest, and respected, and he has acted with fine statesmanship during the crisis. But he got into office only by promising to leave in two and a half months, after the budget was approved and piled-up routine business of government taken care of. His confirmation by Parliament doesn't mean that the non-Communist party leaders have reached an agreement; it is an admission that, for the time being, they cannot agree.

Pella is something of an independent within his own Christian Democratic Party—a hard-money businessman who has no liking for the big-league promoters who clutter the Monarchist ranks. Pella owes his Premiership to the confidence of President Luigi Einaudi and to the factional deadlock that has paralyzed the Christian Democratic Party. The right-wingers inside the party are now afraid to steer it toward the Right and the left-wingers are equally afraid to move to the Left. In this extraordinarily confused and confusing situation, Christian Democratic politicians have been forced to play roles entirely out of character with their own predilections and past records. Thus former Premier Alcide De Gasperi, the major advocate of a four-party center coalition, formed a one-party Government oriented toward the Right. After his defeat in Parliament, Attilio Piccioni, who was considered a right-winger, tried to form a four-party coalition Government. After Piccioni's failure, Pella, universally considered a conservative, adopted as part of his Government's program seven of the nine planks proposed by Pietro Nenni, the fellow-traveling Socialist leader.

Neither chance nor political maneuvering has been the main factor in the drift of Italy's political situation toward the Left since the elections last June. The fact is simply that the prevailing trend among the voters in those elections was toward the Left.

THE COMMUNISTS polled six million votes, and the pro-Communist Socialists, led by Nenni, got three and a half million. This total represents thirty-five per cent of the electorate—a stubborn percentage that has survived all the attacks of the last seven years; and weapons like the Marshall Plan are not likely to be available again. New frontiers are opening up for the Communists: Their greatest triumphs on June 7 and 8 were among southern peasants, no longer under the thumbs of the landowners, and among the youth casting their ballots for the first time.

The rightists, of course, also made some gains, but the 1,900,000 votes that went to Achille Lauro's

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National Monarchist Party and the 1,600,000 that went to the neo-Fascists of the Italian Social Movement seem unimpressive compared to the nearly ten million that went to the extreme Left.

Actually more than seventeen million Italians showed themselves to be against the Right either politically, economically, or both: 9,600,000 voted for the Communist-Socialist bloc; 225,000 followed the dissident ex-Communists Cucchi and Magnani; and 2,500,000 voted for the three minor parties of the Government coalition.

To these twelve million-odd must be added more than half of the Christian Democrats' eleven million supporters, who, as the electoral law allows, voted the party ticket and expressed their preference for candidates representing the left-wing Democratic Initiative faction, which is committed to a program of broad social reform.

THE FIGURES are particularly interesting in the light of a report issued recently by the Parliamentary Commission to Investigate Poverty in Italy. The report says that six million Italians are living in the greatest misery with an average income of not much more than forty dollars a month for a family of four or five; nearly a million families are housed either four or more to a room, or in caves, bombed-out barracks, warehouses, and cellars; more than three million families cannot afford to drink their native wine at fifteen cents a quart; and four and a half million families cannot afford meat even once a year. Public welfare is not much help. Two and a half million Italians get some kind of public assistance, but it averages three thousand lire (less than five dollars) a year, and the total distributed comes to only seventy per cent of the relief appropriations, the balance going to bureaucracy.

Alcide De Gasperi

Considering the figures on both votes and poverty, it is no wonder that there has been new talk about a Popular Front alignment in Italy. Giuseppe Saragat, the man who wrecked the unity of the Socialist Party when he saw it had fallen under the control of the Communist fellow travelers, led by Nenni, now wants at least to explore the way back to that unity. He lost over half a million votes—and most of his remaining working-class support—to the Nenni Socialists in June and is apparently convinced that continuing association with a dead-center Government would eventually cost him the rest. Accordingly, he announced after the election that he would deny all further support to the Christian Democrats unless and until they either found a way to pull Nenni away from the Communists and into the Government or else adopted an economic program that would deprive Nenni of his appeal to the voters.

Saragat was called a Hamlet and a Judas for this stand, but many of the politicians who reacted so violently did so mainly because they considered Saragat's proposals premature. A surprising number of them, including De Gasperi himself, are intensely interested in Nenni as a long-term solution.

The Nenni Enigma

Nenni—the charming, affable, agile, eloquent, and enormously popular Nenni—is a man who has almost as many friends among his enemies as he has among his allies, and who is, or seems to be, perpetually wrestling with his conscience in public.

There are those who say Nenni could have been Prime Minister for the asking just after the war, and could still be today, provided he broke with the Communists. He has not done so. The same people say that his tastes run much more to the Bevan kind of western Labour Party than to eastern Bolshevism, that he has distrusted the Communists for thirty years, and that he well knows how quickly he would be purged by an Italian People's Democracy.

Giuseppe Pella

Even though many of these statements have been confirmed by Nenni's own remarks, he has maintained a pact of unity with the Communist Palmiro Togliatti since the return of both from exile—he from Paris, Togliatti from Moscow—after the collapse of Fascism; he has accepted expulsion from the Socialist International rather than offend the Cominform; he has received a well-earned Stalin Peace Prize; and he has done very little in the last seven years to differentiate himself from his Communist partners.

Whenever his democratic friends have become too exasperated or embarrassed to defend him, Nenni has put himself out considerably to coax them back. During this last year particularly, he has followed an intriguing if circuitous path toward what he calls *distensione*—a relaxing of political tension—which his critics call *possibilismo,* implying that Nenni thinks anything is possible. He has refused to denounce his pact with the Communists, but has offered to enter or support a Christian Democratic Cabinet without them. He has not

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ceased to advocate a foreign policy of pro-Soviet neutralism, but has suggested that since the Atlantic pact is an accomplished fact, he would no longer insist on Italy's withdrawing from it. He has not given up his economic program of all-out socialization, but he has agreed at least to postpone a good part of it if the Christian Democrats will meet him halfway.

Altogether, he has succeeded in being exasperatingly vague while at the same time conveying the impression that he is offering the country long years of domestic peace if only Italy will loosen its ties somewhat with the Atlantic alliance. It so happens that an increasing number of Italians who don't believe in Nenni have begun to believe in his conclusions.

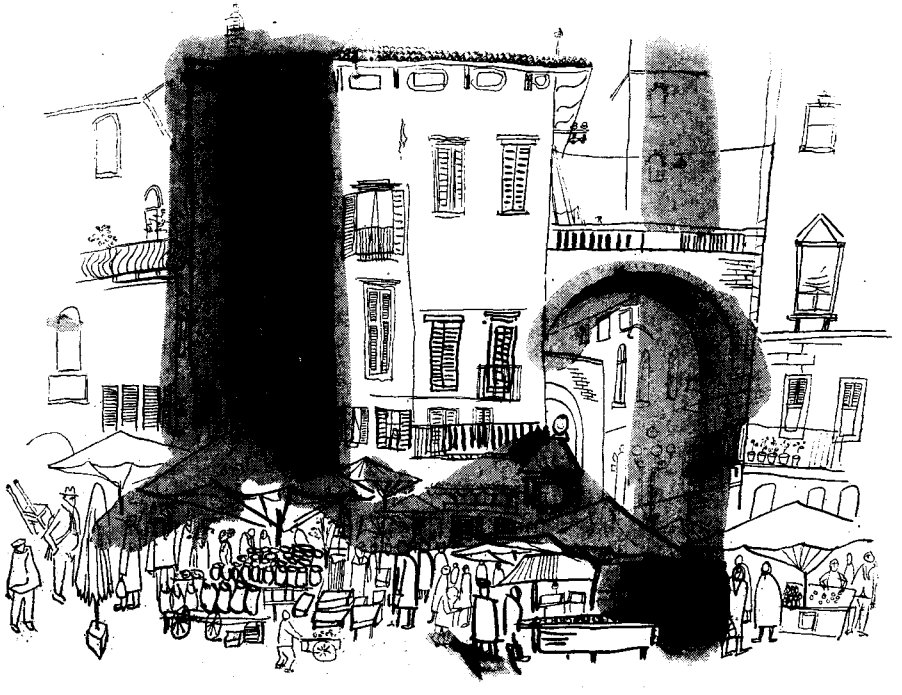
Nenni tried his new policy last June with brilliant success. He did not run on a joint list with the Communists, as he had in 1948. Instead, he gave his party's ticket the attractive slogan "A Socialist Alternative." The only other alternatives he described as "pro-Atlantic extremism" and economic royalism. His party collected half a million votes more than it had a year earlier in the municipal elections. To be sure, Nenni was acting with Togliatti's official blessing, and many of his votes came from confirmed pro-Communists (though many others, wary of the "alternative," voted for Togliatti). Nevertheless, it is believed that more than half of Nenni's vote came from Socialists who would like to be independent of Communism.

The great question now is whether Nenni is actually committed beyond hope to the Communists or is their unwilling prisoner, and whether his campaign tactics were a trap for innocent voters or represented careful preparations for his own eventual escape.

WHATEVER his record, it is not easy to dismiss Nenni as merely a pawn of the Communists. He is notoriously ill at ease in Togliatti's presence. Where the latter is urbane, matter-of-fact, competent, and professional, Nenni is impetuous, rebellious, sentimental—qualities that would make him a godsend on the first day of a revolution and a menace on the second.

What characterizes Nenni much more than his party or his program is the fact that he was born and raised in the Romagna, a region which for centuries has given Italy its most fiery professional insurrectionists. The people of this northeastern section of the country (which includes the provinces of Forlì, Ravenna, and Ferrara) could be called Italy's rebellious Irishmen—people with an overwhelming passion and talent for politics. Since Italy achieved its unity there have always been Romagnoli in the forefront of every battle against the House of Savoy, against capitalism, or just against government at large. Some of the best-known Italian anarchists have come from the Romagna. From the Romagna came Mussolini, who at the time of his first political battles in his native region was Nenni's opponent—and personal friend. Mussolini was then the leader of the left-wing social revolutionaries, Nenni of the anti-Savoy, priest-hating Republicans. This friendship never quite vanished as long as Mussolini lived. Nenni once wrote: "Even when I was fighting him to the death, I felt myself closer to him than to the moderate reformists in my own Socialist Party."

Pietro Nenni



Hugo, Mazzini, and Jail

Up to 1919, when Nenni was in his late twenties, he remained a Republican, loyal to this turbulent movement against Pope and King, because, as he wrote in his *Diary*, of "the depths of my romantic temperament." It was a temperament that brooded over the works of Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue, and over Mazzini's noble letters on liberty; it thrived, also, on many early visits to the local Romagna jails. His *Diary* reveals that these visits, rather than

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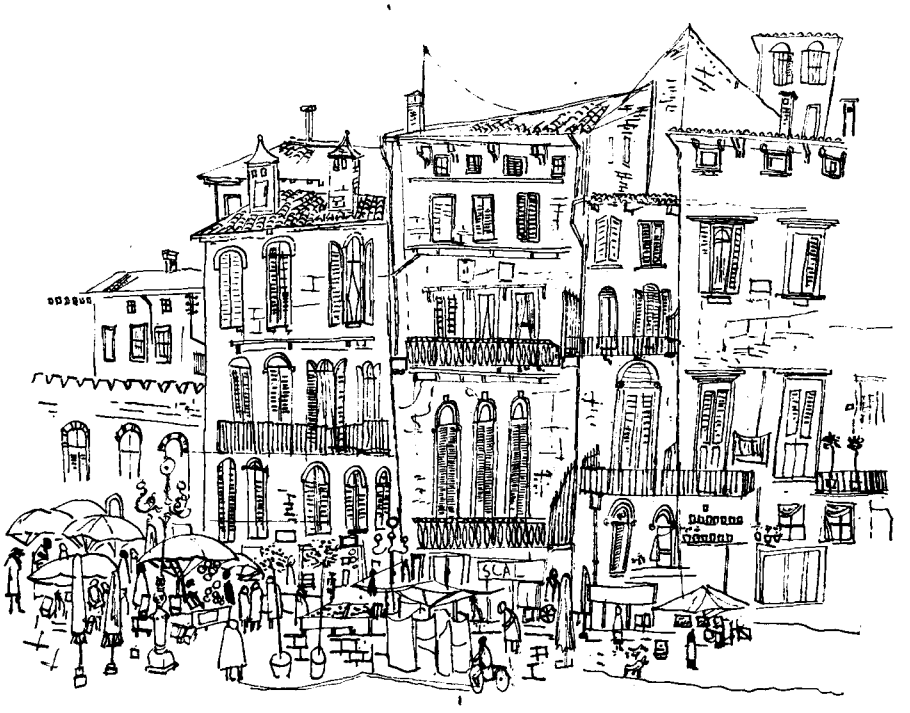
books or polemics, were what decided his future. "It was my first arrest at sixteen, for an anti-clerical demonstration, that traced my destiny," he wrote. "From then on, I would be a propagandist, an agitator, and nothing else."

In the Romagna of those days, Republicans and Socialists often broke each other's heads to prove the superiority of their respective views, but they always managed to get together around a bottle of wine—or in jail. In 1911, for instance, the Republican Nenni and the Socialist Mussolini found themselves in prison for derailing a train carrying troops for the Italian invasion of Libya.



It was only in 1919, when Mussolini started the Fascist movement, that Nenni went over to the Socialist Party. Almost immediately, Nenni managed to move toward the position of revolutionary Socialist leader that Mussolini had vacated a few years earlier. Soon he became the Communists' arch-ally, although he could easily imagine how Lenin would have treated such a childish revolutionary deviationist as himself.

Perhaps because of the fact that he was never much of a Marxist, this neophyte of Socialism never went through the evolution of many more seasoned party members. Even during his seventeen idle years in exile, he never had the patience to master the ponderous doctrines of "scientific socialism." Now, at sixty-two, he continues to see socialism as the black-and-white drama that attracted him in his youth—workers against the bourgeoisie, poor against rich, liberators against oppressors.

Again and again in the past, he has shown that he has not forgotten his Republican civil-libertarian traditions, and he has revealed deep uneasiness, suspicion, and bitterness about the methods and aims of the Russian Politburo. He described the Moscow trials of the 1930's as "the massacre of a whole generation . . . a fatal consequence of the shift [in Russia] from the dictatorship of the proletariat to dictatorship by a party and a fraction of a party." He "condemned and deplored" the Soviet-German pact, blamed it for the tragic fall of France, and referred to it as a "clamorous example" of how, under Moscow's direction, "the national needs of local Communist parties are frequently suffocated or sacrificed."

Just after the liberation, Nenni reminded his party of the urgent need to protect its independence. "We reject any position that subordinates the proletariat's policies [everywhere] to the momentary interests of Soviet policy . . . and we are aware of the need for Socialist autonomy. The gymnastics of twists and turns do not suit us . . . and we Socialists cannot accept a method which substitutes orders from above for experience at the base." As recently as 1947, he told a party congress: "Few members of our party are as far as I am, by habits of life and way of thought, from authoritarianism and totalitarianism. I am against Lenin's extreme centralism . . . and I believe that 'liberty is only liberty when it applies to those who disagree.' "

Still, he recently expelled several local Socialist officials for daring to demand that he criticize at least one point—any one—in Soviet policy. Moreover, he has stood by all this time while Togliatti has systematically undermined the Socialist Party's autonomy by planting Communists at every level and eking out the party's budget. Even for a presumably unsophisticated sentimentalist, such loyalty seems excessive.

There have been many rumors about the reasons for Nenni's behavior: blackmail, personal bribery, physical cowardice. The truth, by all reliable accounts, is nothing so sinister. Uppermost in Nenni's mind through all these years has been the fear that if he tried to walk out on the Communists, the workers would not go with him.

He confirmed this himself in a candid talk with De Gasperi shortly before the latter went down to defeat in the Chamber. "I asked Nenni," De Gasperi told the press, " 'Why does the umbilical cord between your party and the Communists cause so much preoccupation among all free men? Why is it feared that these ties will lead to a Communist régime here, with the loss of all our liberties? To what extent are your Socialists independent of the Communists, and prepared to defend their independence against the Communists' totalitarian concepts?'

"Nenni answered: 'I do not see the coming to power of the Communists as a tragedy, but as a fact which I await with serenity. You refer to what has happened in Hungary, Bulgaria, and so on, but that came about through the occupation of the Red Army. Here, conditions are entirely different. . . . It may be that in the future, Socialism can follow another road. But the Communist Party

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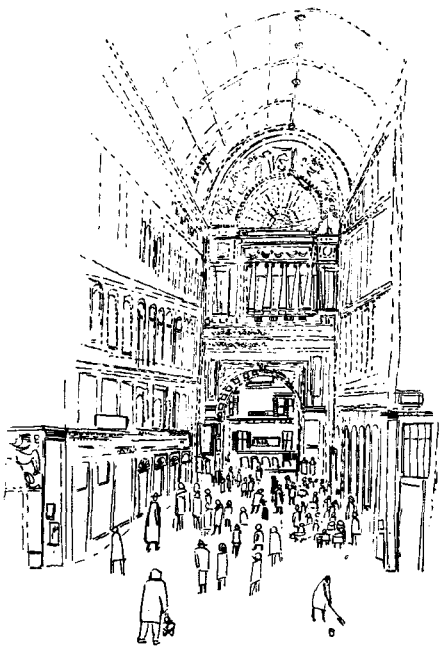

today is extremely able and deeply rooted in our national life. . . . We Socialists cannot get away from the fact that if we want to take any initiative at this time, we cannot do it without the Communists' support. . . . Should I break with them now, as Saragat asks of me, I would simply add my own person to those of other isolated men. . . . I would simply become another Saragat. . . .'"

But Nenni added: "It is a mistake to fight the Communists in peacetime with reactionary methods. If the tension gets worse in the country, it cannot help but further the progress of Communism. Socialism, on the other hand, can develop in an atmosphere of dissension when, even if over a long period of time, there is a prospect of resolving those problems on which Communism prospers."

Short-Circuiting Nenni

This last has been taken in democratic circles as an important clue to Nenni's real state of mind. What he means, according to his friends, is that he would like to establish his independence but cannot do so as long as the country is involved in such naked class warfare that abandoning one side would mean going over to the other; assuming that Nenni were willing to go over, at present he could almost certainly expect to go alone. Consequently, they say, the next move is not up to him but up to a democratic Government, which would create more favorable conditions for independent socialism by showing a willingness to take care of the workers' most pressing economic needs.

It would be foolish for any Christian Democratic leader to invite Nenni into a Government now. Aside from the question of his still unproved intentions, not a single one of the provincial secretaries in his party is free of Togliatti's direct influence; there are no more than two or three "autonomists" on his Central Committee, and no more than six or seven others among his seventy-five Deputies in Parliament; a good deal of vigorous activity would have to be forthcoming from his rank and file before he could show himself to be a free agent. But there is nothing to prevent the Christian Democrats from extending their land-reform program, enforcing collective-bargaining contracts, trying to build more houses, encouraging more investment in order to create more employment, curbing the worst practices of monopoly industry, or otherwise attempting to make life more bearable for the Italian poor.

Nenni has already said that he would abstain from voting against, and would perhaps even vote for, a Cabinet proposing such a program. Of course, he has added certain foreign-policy conditions that are so far unacceptable. Although many Christian Democrats have begun to believe that it would be sensible for Italy to play no more than a secondary role in the European Defense Community at the moment, they are not ready to renounce that role entirely—at any rate not before seeing what happens in the German elections. But it would be thoroughly awkward for Nenni to vote against an economic program he has suggested himself solely for reasons of foreign policy. His followers might not like it.

With or without Nenni's immediate support, the Christian Democrats could be assured of enough votes to get a program of this sort through Parliament; all three of the small democratic parties, including Saragat's, have said they would back a Government on such terms. If Nenni refused to go along, he would give the lie to his recent statement. If he did go along, the Christian Democrats would still have a chance of keeping the upper hand. Whatever else happened, the Christian Democrats would make themselves much more popular with the voters than they are now.

PRIME MINISTER PELLA has already shown that he is seeking the broadest possible democratic support. Although Nenni voted against him, it was, as someone in the press box remarked, "a sweet no," and it didn't seem to frighten Pella, who apparently is determined to do whatever he can—even as a caretaker Premier—so that a possibly precious opportunity may not be lost.

Whether Pella's line will be supported by the Christian Democratic Party is another question. He has no personal machine, and the party regulars did very little to help him win his vote of confidence in Parliament. There are still too many right-wing interests within the party unwilling to move toward a strengthening and broadening of the democratic alliance. Right now, however, the majority of the party doesn't seem to have very much choice other than to drift, almost unwillingly, toward the left of Center. Nenni, like all demagogues, is just a name. But the masses who follow him, and whom he follows, are a prize worth having.

Palmiro Togliatti

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The New York Port Authority, Guardian of the Tollgates

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

EACH YEAR, the roads from Florida to New York are lined with new evidences of a unique form of American economic expansion. As the motorist travels north, he passes posters announcing the efforts of the Ports of Georgia Authority, then the Port of Charleston (South Carolina) Authority. Farther north, the toll bridge over the Susquehanna is followed by the new toll bridge over the Delaware, which in turn leads to the New Jersey Turnpike, a recently completed toll highway that ends on the Hudson shore opposite Manhattan. The crossing to Manhattan is made via the Holland or the Lincoln Tunnel or via the George Washington Bridge, all three toll facilities that are the property of the Port of New York Authority.

More rapidly than most Americans realize, the highway and harbor developments of the nation are being taken over by the so-called Authorities, quasi-public corporations created by one or more states to develop transportation facilities. These corporations derive their incomes not from taxes but from collection of tolls and fees. In city after city and state after state, the Authority idea is catching on as local governments find themselves ill equipped to meet the vast new needs of modern transportation. Generally, these local governments look to New York City, where the thirty-two-year-old local Port Authority serves as an excellent model.

The Port of New York Authority is proud to be a model, and not too modest to boast of its successes, which are quite a few. On its thirty-second birthday this year, it reported total assets of $475 million and a record profit of $20.5 million. Along with the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels and the George Washington Bridge, it has three Staten Island bridges, two truck terminals, three marine, one bus, and one railroad freight terminal, one heliport, and a wide variety of industrial property, including the third largest office building in the world, its own headquarters in mid-Manhattan. It also owns one airport, Teterboro, and operates, under lease, three others: LaGuardia, New York International (Idlewild), and Newark. It has opened promotional offices in Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, and most recently in Rio de Janeiro.

The Port Authority's enthusiasm for its expanding half-billion-dollar empire is shared by the local press. Published criticisms of the Authority are rare, and such scattered private attacks as have appeared have invariably been chalked off to petty personal grievances.

One attack, however, would seem well justified—that directed at the general theory of unrestricted Authorities. Many normally conservative individuals look askance at the New York Port Authority and at all the Authorities modeled after it. They recognize the advantages of the Authority system—its freedom from politics and from government red tape. But they also recognize its inherent threat to the democratic process—its immunity, as a sovereign power, from strikes by employees and from taxes; its ability to pile up public funds by charging tolls and fees far beyond costs; its ability to use those funds to expand its empire as it sees fit; and in general, its almost total lack of responsibility to the people for its acts, past, present, and future.

In the hands of some men, such an Authority could become a source of unlimited personal wealth and personal power, of wholesale corruption and complete subversion of the public interest. The fact that the Governors of New York and New Jersey have appointed only the most public-spirited citizens to the New York Port Authority's Board of Commissioners is indeed a happy circumstance—but not necessarily a foolproof one.

For Whom the Tolls?

When the New York Port Authority was established in 1921, there was certainly a place for some such body. Wars of jealousy between the States of New York and New Jersey had effectively blocked all attempts at joint construction of needed facilities in the port area. Finally, the Governors of the two states met and devised the Port Compact of 1921, creating the Port Authority and calling on it, as their joint agency, to develop port terminal and transportation projects.

The Port Authority was subsequently placed in control of twelve commissioners, six to be appointed by each Governor, for staggered terms of six years each. Within these appointive limits the commissioners

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were left free to act virtually without restraint.

The most important feature of the regulations governing the Authority is the stipulation that "the two said states will not . . . diminish or impair the power of the Port Authority to establish, levy and collect tolls and other charges . . ." The Authority has taken this as a blanket permission to collect whatever fees it decides upon for as long as it wants, regardless of toll limitations set forth in such other laws as the present Federal Bridge Act. Thus, the Port Authority has so far collected $427 million in tolls on its six bridges and tunnels, as compared with a cost of construction of these facilities, including all improvements, of $266 million. The Authority justifies such collections on the grounds that various sinking funds must be set up to pay for less profitable Authority activities, for retirement of bonds, and for future projects.

Despite all the claims made by Port Authority officials for "sound business corporation management," primary credit for the Authority's present success must be given to the above two factors—the Authority's ability to charge rates figured to yield substantial profits and its ability to raise those rates at will if initial estimates prove to be inadequate. Any corporation that can collect upwards of $37 million a year in tolls alone and can pledge those tolls against debts incurred enjoys huge borrowing power to finance its expansion.

Success has not always been the Port Authority's reward. In its first decade of operation, the Authority was actually pretty much of a flop. It spent most of those years working on a grandiose plan for reorganizing the flow of freight traffic between railroads and ships in the port area. Such a reorganization was—and still is—badly needed, and was thought of as one of the Authority's basic missions at the time of its creation. Its plan, unfortunately, was considered unrealistic by too many of the transportation men, and had to be dropped.

While this was going on, New York State and New Jersey had signed a separate agreement for the joint construction of the first roadway link between Manhattan Island and New Jersey, the Holland Tunnel. After seven years' work, the tunnel was opened to traffic in 1927. Its immediate financial success astonished even its most avid original supporters. The Port Authority quickly recognized it as a prize well worth fighting for.

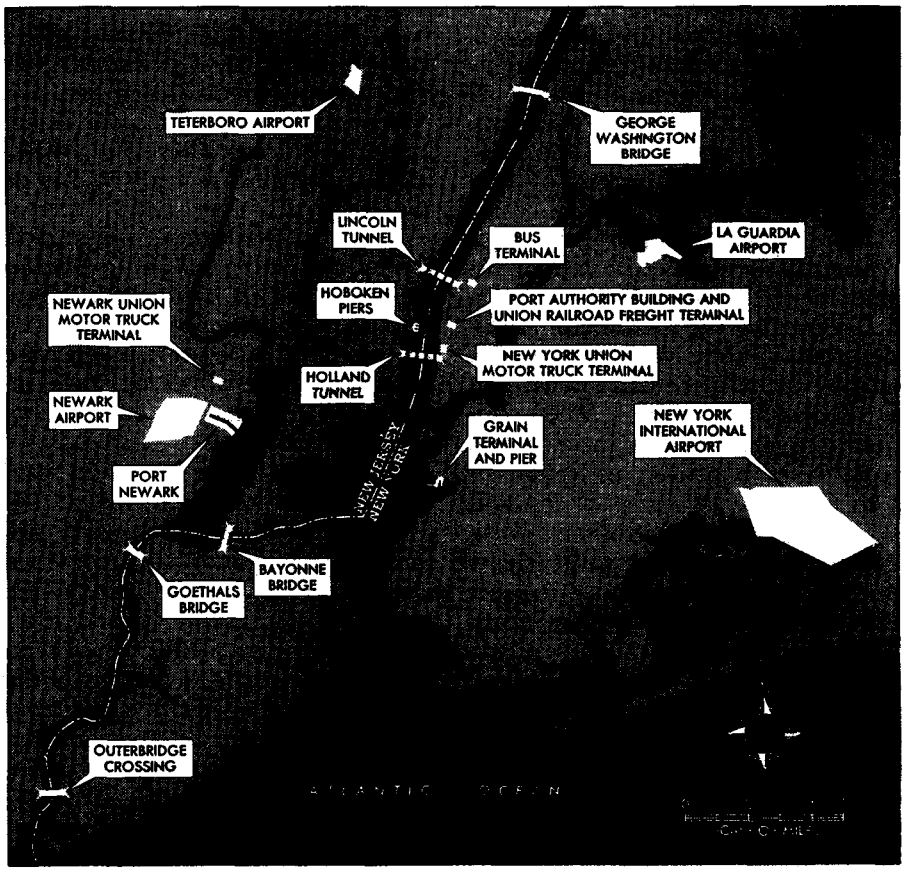
Heavy pressure was put on officials of the two states, and the pressure soon paid off. On April 21, 1930, the Holland Tunnel was transferred, without cost, to the Port of New York Authority. With that valuable property in its hands, the Port Authority was on its way.

Perhaps the first indication that an uncontrolled Authority's corporate practices were likely to be no more righteous than the practice of its cousins in the business world came as a direct result of the Holland Tunnel transfer. Governor Morgan Larson of New Jersey had worked long and hard for the Port Authority's case. He was given chief credit for pushing the tunnel transfer bill through the state legislature in 1930. Shortly afterward, his term of office ended and Larson was out of a job.

In May, 1932, at the nadir of the depression, Larson turned up on the Port Authority payroll at a hundred dollars a day. He was listed as a consulting engineer, despite the fact that his appointment came at a time when the Port Authority was actually laying off engineers in sizable numbers. Larson, placed on a regular salary of ten thousand dollars a year in 1934, served with the Port Authority until 1945, during which period his private financial manipulations were to involve him, as a defendant, in at least three lawsuits.

The acquisition of the Holland Tunnel also gave the Port Authority a chance to demonstrate its own view of the extent of autonomy given it in the Port Treaty of 1921. The separate bistate agreement on the tunnel had authorized the charging of tolls only as long as the construction cost remained unpaid. The states explicitly agreed the tunnel would be toll-free after amortization.

When the Port Authority took over the Holland Tunnel, it also took over jurisdiction of this bistate agreement. But the agreement's limitation on tolls was promptly ignored in favor of the Port Treaty's grant of unimpaired power over tolls. To date, the Port Authority has collected more than $187 million in Holland Tunnel tolls alone, com-



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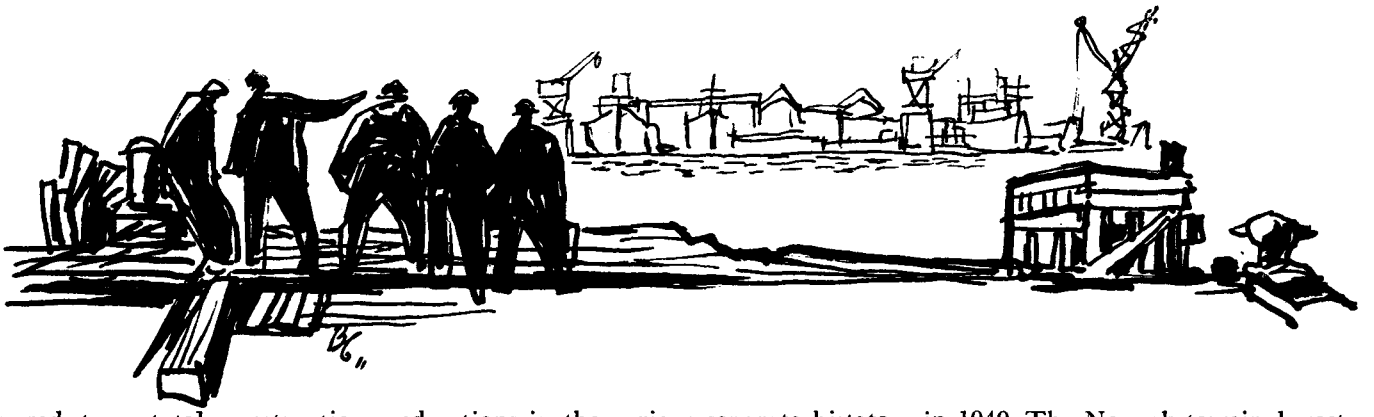

pared to a total construction and maintenance cost through 1952 of only $54 million. The passenger-car toll for one trip remains, as always, fifty cents.

The original Holland Tunnel agreement is not the only bistate compact circumvented by the Port Authority. The George Washington Bridge, opened the year after the Authority got the tunnel, was built under a similar agreement authorizing collection of tolls only until the debt had been paid. In the last two years, the George Washington Bridge has led all other Port Authority facilities in total revenue. Toll charges have been modified only by the creation of commuter rates to encourage marginal users. Annual collections continue to increase about ten per cent a year.

Hands Off

Actually, the Governors of New York and New Jersey have always had means to bring the Port Authority into line. The Port Treaty gave each of them veto power over all acts of the Authority. But the use of such a veto would mean not only censure of a Governor's own appointees to the Authority but also the stigma of hindering the type of useful projects for which the Authority stands. In thirty-two years the veto has almost never been used.

The Governors have not been alone in defaulting on their responsibilities. Congress, which has final authority over interstate commerce, has also neglected its job. Congressional control over the Port Authority was recognized from the start, when the Port Treaty of 1921 was sent to Washington for approval. But once approval was granted, the Port Authority began to ignore Congress just as it ignored the toll limitations in the various separate bistate construction agreements. Since Congress had approved the construction agreements for the Holland Tunnel and the George Washington Bridge, the Port Authority's practice of collecting tolls far beyond costs thus became a circumvention of Federal as well as state intent.

Perhaps its early successes in self-expansion of autonomy gave the Port Authority courage. At any rate, the first tube of the Lincoln Tunnel was opened in 1937 with no attempt having been made to gain Congressional approval of the toll rates to be charged. This lapse may be explained by Congress's policy at the time, a policy which limited tolls on interstate bridges to the period of amortization. This policy, as set forth in the Bridge Act of 1946, is presumably still in effect.

The present Bridge Act, of course, does not apply to facilities constructed before its passage. Since the Port Authority exists only with the consent of Congress, however, it would seem logical for the men on Capitol Hill to insist that the Authority revise its practices to comply with Federal law as it stands today.

Perhaps the neglect of state and Federal controls over the Port Authority could be rationalized if the Authority's operational record were one of perfection. Unfortunately, that record is mixed. Successes far outnumber mistakes and failures, but the latter are nevertheless to be found.

Clause and Effect

The most obvious failure of recent years was the Port Authority's post-war construction of two huge truck terminals, one in Newark and one in New York. The New York terminal, costing $10 million, was completed in 1949. The Newark terminal, costing about $8.2 million, was completed in 1950. Today neither is operating as planned.

The Newark terminal was doomed from the start, due to a local Teamsters Union clause limiting the transfer of freight between trucks. The Port Authority knew of the clause and knew what its effect would be. But it built the terminal anyway, in the vain hope that it could force repeal of the restriction. The terminal never unloaded a truck. Instead, after it had lain idle for the better part of a year, the Port Authority leased the building to U.S. Air Force at an annual rental of nearly half a million dollars.

Although the New York truck terminal suffered no union boycotts, the truckers' idea of its usefulness differed markedly from that of the Port Authority. Within a year of its opening, it was being used by only nineteen trucking companies. By the spring of 1952, the number had fallen to seven. Finally, on March 8, 1952, it was shut down. This year the Authority turned the facility over to a private operating company to see whether it could do any better in the truck terminal business.

Wild Blue Yonder Dep't

Another often-mentioned miscalculation of the Port Authority has been its overexpansion of airline-terminal facilities. After three dramatic 1952 crashes in Elizabeth, New Jersey, many wondered why Newark Airport, in the midst of a highly populated area, should be expanding while Idlewild, in a relatively uncongested part of Queens, handled only 2,912 commercial flights during its peak 1951 month, compared with a monthly capacity of 36,000. Idlewild, the statisticians pointed out,

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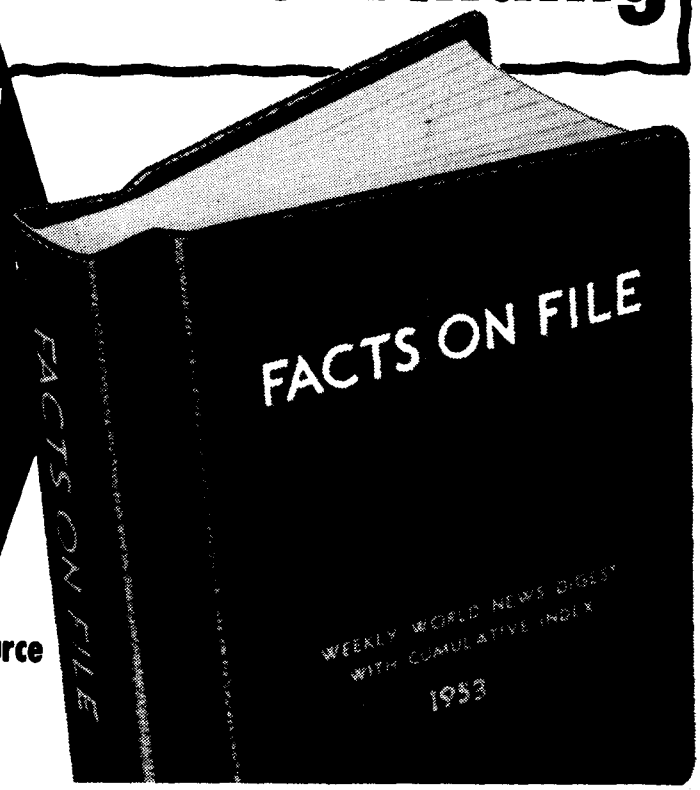

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could in a pinch absorb all of the traffic from LaGuardia and Newark and still be operating below capacity. Teterboro, the Port Authority's fourth airport in the area, could handle most private and military air traffic. Why, then, the need for such frantic activity at LaGuardia and Newark?

Operating four airports is, of course, far more expensive than operating one—which may help explain the Port Authority's net loss on airports last year of $1,233,297. Authority officials, again citing their "sound corporate practices," argue that no one could have done better at any one of the airports.

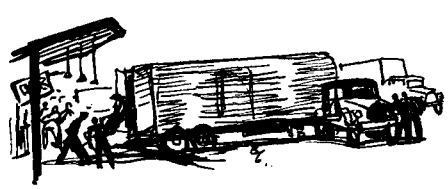
Also open to question is the Authority's handling of its latest pet project, a third Lincoln Tunnel tube. Construction of the $90-million tube, according to the Authority's own estimate, would pour an additional 1,200 cars an hour into the already agonizingly congested streets of mid-Manhattan. The Port Authority's Executive Director, Austin J. Tobin, has maintained that "a third tube would . . . [effect] a significant degree of relief for the present intolerable traffic congestion in mid-Manhattan." But Tobin has never explained how providing access to mid-Manhattan for an additional 8.5 million vehicles a year can possibly do anything but increase congestion.

In fact, a 1950 study by the Port Authority suggested an entirely different solution to traffic congestion. This study pointed out that only half of the trans-Hudson traffic began or ended its journey in mid-Manhattan, and that "nearly 25 percent of the traffic now entering Manhattan might be served by new crossings north or south of Manhattan." Why the Port Authority forgot about these new crossings in favor of a third tube leading directly to mid-Manhattan is not to be found in the public statements of Tobin or others. One reason seems obvious: A third Lincoln Tunnel tube would yield far more in tolls than new crossings north and south of Manhattan combined.

One question that occurs to the uninitiated is: Just what does the Port of New York Authority have to do with the Port of New York—that is, with the actual functioning of the nation's busiest harbor and waterfront? The answer is "precious little." Aside from its operation of some marine terminal facilities in Brooklyn, Hoboken, and Newark, and its promotional, lobbying, and advisory work in behalf of New York commerce, the Authority, after the failure of its original plan for freight traffic, has kept itself mostly free of direct involvement in the central business of the port. The Authority commissioners must have had frequent cause to congratulate themselves on getting their feet out of the harbor mud: all that bad publicity from Kefauver, Tobey, and Dewey; all those questionable if not positively dangerous men—Anastasia, Ryan, McCormack. The Authority for the most part stays aloof on its gleaming bridges, keeps cool in its tunnels, surveys all below disdainfully from its helicopters, and maintains its own impeccable law and order on its own premises with its own police force. It has all the authority it wants over its own carefully selected facilities, and it wants as little as possible over the hurly-burly of the rest of New York's port.

A Helping Hand to Newark

Whatever the Port Authority's shortcomings may be, its financial transactions are almost always on the soundest possible basis. A good case in point was the Authority's leasing of Newark Airport and Port Newark from the City of Newark in 1948. At that time, the Port Authority argued that the air and marine terminals had cost the City of Newark more than $600,000 a year in payment of



interest on debts incurred in construction. If the Authority leased the facilities, it was claimed, Newark taxpayers would be relieved of this drain on the city treasury.

The loss statement was perfectly true. But when the Port Authority did lease the two terminals, at $100,000 a year, it declined to accept responsibility for the old construction debts. Today, Newark continues to pay about $900,000 a year in interest on debts.

Such interest payments were always responsible for the city's loss on Newark Airport and Port Newark. Actually, in its last year of control of the facilities, Newark made a net operating profit, on both, of $313,000. The $914,000 in interest due on debts, however, converted this to a net loss of about $600,000 for the city.

Along with interest payment on original debts, the City of Newark must continue to pay for fire and police protection at the two terminals, and for sewage disposal. Thus, Newark would hardly seem better off as a result of the Port Authority's lease. The city has sacrificed some $313,000 a year in net operating profits. It has also sacrificed rental on various industrial properties at Port Newark that put $756,000 into the Port Authority treasury in 1950 alone, for a total Newark revenue loss of $1,069,000 a year. In return, it is receiving $100,000 a year from the Port Authority—placing the net annual revenue loss at nearly one million dollars.

The twelve members of the Port Authority Board of Commissioners, who serve without pay, are all financially successful and socially prominent men. Most are thoroughly experienced in high corporate finance. A partial list of eight commissioners shows them to be directors or chief executives of some fifty private corporations with combined assets of about $15 billion.

Neither their personal fortunes nor their untainted reputations, however, place them above the normal influence of their backgrounds and their business connections. One of New York Port Authority commissioners, for example, is Eugene F. Moran, of the Moran Towing and Transportation Company and the Moran Lighterage Corporation. On the urging of the Port Authority, the Interstate Commerce Commission has set up uniform freight rates to the New York port area, so that the charges are the same whether the cargo is unloaded on the Jersey shore or put on barges and carried to Manhattan and Brooklyn. Obviously, this is a great advantage to Moran, who holds a dominant position in the tug and barge business of New York Harbor. It is a distinct disadvantage,

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however, to the New Jersey partner in the Port Authority venture, since the Jersey shore gets none of the benefits of its natural location.

The Board of Commissioners has appointed as Executive Director and actual manager of the Port Authority Austin J. Tobin, a square-faced man who dislikes "the inflexible requirements common to the machinery of government," who snipes at TVA for stealing the good name "Authority," and who believes all complaints against the Port Authority can be settled by *noblesse oblige,* without strikes or damage suits.

Many of Tobin's subordinates share his views. Robert S. Curtiss, who is in charge of renting concession space at Authority bus and air terminals, has explained why he didn't use competitive bidding, as most government contractors are forced to do. "The disadvantage in bidding," Curtiss said, "is you don't always get the tenant you want; you get the highest bidder. I have no rules. I like to size people up myself. If I like their appearance, their knowledge of the subject, their financial record, I'll take them on . . . I like to take on some of the 'little fellows' too."

Thus the Port of New York Authority would seem to have succumbed, by act and by word, to at least some of the weaknesses inherent in its autonomy. Much of the fault lies outside the Port Authority, with Congress and with the Governors of New York and New Jersey, for defaulting on their responsibilities.

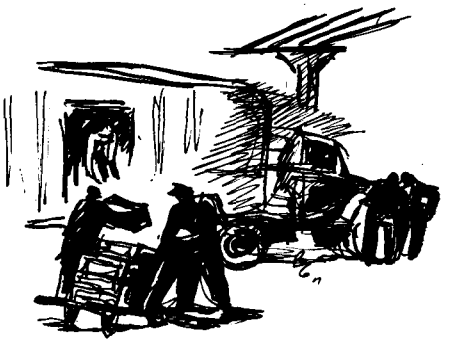
Giving the People a Look-In

The New York Port Authority is needed as much as it was in 1921. But there is need for a reassertion of Congressional control and for a tighter rein over its activities.

Congress might demand an end to the Port Authority's lobbying in Washington for favorable freight rates and against the St. Lawrence Seaway. Congress might also demand revision of the Port Treaty of 1921 to include the right of Authority employees to strike, a concession system based on bids, and removal from tax exemption of facilities, such as the industrial property at Port Newark, that are unrelated to the real function of the Authority.

Perhaps most important, Congress might force the Port Authority to comply with the Federal Bridge Act's limitations on tolls. The Port Authority, of course, would be forced to comply, since it exists only with the consent of Congress. Complaints from the Port Authority Building in New York would be loud and long. It is probable, though, that no corporation planning on a net income of more than $20 million this year will succumb to a few "inflexible requirements."

And if all the nation's rapidly expanding Authorities were forced to comply with the same rules and to clear new projects through Congress, the people would seem the likely winners.



THE AIR EDITION of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* is published in England on Thursday and arrives in New York on Saturday; thus its views and comments deal with the week just gone. It generally runs to sixteen tabloid size pages and is in my opinion the most literate and entertaining newspaper in the English language. Apart from enjoying its reviews of books, plays, and movies, I find myself waiting around for its editorial comment on various phases of American life and American policy. This is like standing off and taking a long dispassionate look at yourself through the eyes of an extremely polite and informed cousin, who is given neither to scolding nor flattery. Sometimes reassuring, sometimes deflating, it's a salutary experience, clearly worth $6.50 per annum.

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The Monstrous Machine And the Worried Workers

WARNER BLOOMBERG, Jr.

I FIRST became acquainted with the technology of the future, which is rapidly becoming established in our present factories, while I was still on production in a Gary, Indiana, mill. It was part way through an evening shift's long lunchtime that a friend and fellow worker, Walt, suddenly closed his lunchbox and said: "Hurry up and finish feeding your face. I'll show you a machine that can make six-hour days." He got to his feet.

Now what? I wondered as I hurried after him. We walked quickly through several departments I had already visited and then, as we moved through a large passageway into what looked like a new shed and a very big one, I heard a loud roaring. We turned the corner and Walt made a wide-swinging gesture with his big hands: "There's the greatest hunk of machinery you ever saw!"

I could hardly hear him above the noise of this, the mill's newest supermachine. Although I had worked in eight different factories and had been through a score of plants, I was unprepared for the fantastic yet obviously real engine of production we faced. Like the perennial time traveler of science fiction, I gaped in awe at this sample of a new technology.

Tremendous towers of steel, showing here and there tiny brilliant flashes from fires within, rose fifty feet above us, as high as many city apartment buildings. Walt led me beside the giant and pointed down. I leaned over and looked into a shaft extending deeper below the vibrating floor where we stood than the double basements of some department stores. A speeding ribbon of steel about a yard wide flashed down from the heights of the superstructure into the depths of the pit and up again. It was part of some three thousand feet of continuous sheet steel, ranging in thickness from one fifteen-thousandth of an inch to half that, which rushed endlessly through the various processes, disappearing into one roaring chamber after another, reappearing as a taut silver gleam here and there between the machine's titanic parts.

Just opposite us huge electric motors, a small part of the super-machine's many muscles, were winding the fast-flowing steel ribbon into a giant coil that might weigh ten or twelve tons when completed and ready to be hauled away by one of the factory's mechanical beasts of burden, the big fork-lift tractors. It was difficult to see the details at the other end, over three hundred feet away, where similar but untreated coils were being unwound to feed the machine.

"Some setup!" Walt shouted to me above the din. "They call it the continuous annealer. Only a couple like it in existence. That's the factory of the future, boy!"

A GOOD STEADY worker, this continuous annealer has just enough brains to do its job—heating steel and then cooling it again. Its nervous system comprises a large basement full of panelboards of electronic equipment—meters, vacuum tubes, relays, resistors, condensers, and transformers.

Miles of wiring and special measuring devices such as electric eyes co-ordinate its gigantic yet delicate efforts and report to the human beings concerned what goes on within its awesome guts.

The monster's boss, the man supervising the operations on that turn, watched its work on a master control panel which stretched along the opposite wall. He walked about

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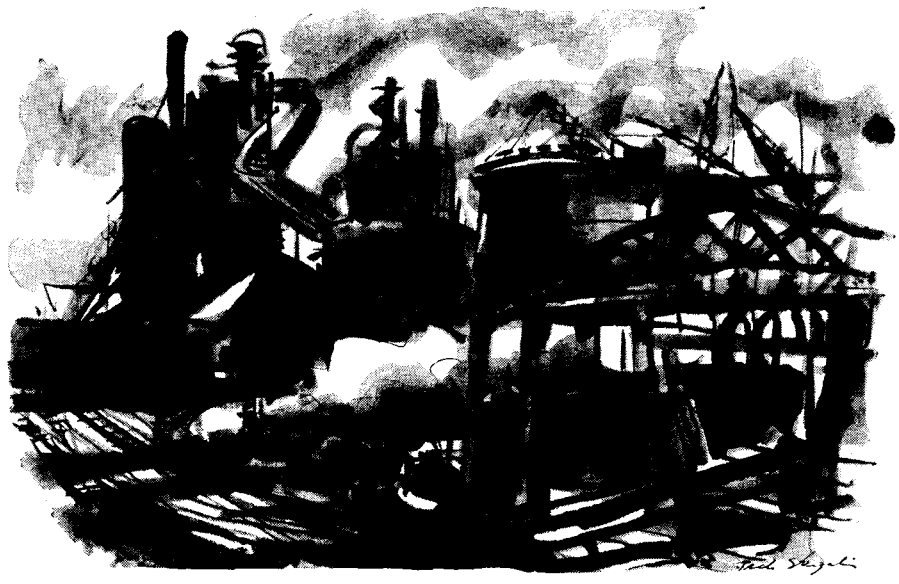
checking the recording charts and instrument dials, occasionally giving instructions to the various men attending the machine by means of a booming public-address system.

"It's still pretty much of an experiment," Walt continued. "Lot of bugs to get ironed out. It's still on the company's restricted list. They don't let out much information on what it can do or what it'll be doing when they get it perfected."



ANNEALING — the carefully controlled heating and cooling of metal to produce certain desired characteristics of ductility, of hardness or softness, of internal structure—is a process long known to metalworkers. The craftsman of generations ago would heat an object in his forge fire and cool it by burying it in ashes, gauging temperature and calculating time by pure skill and intuition. Modern technology had introduced precision and more automatic control to the old art even before the continuous annealer.

Six men operate the new super-machine. Taking into consideration its speed of production and the combination of several processes, the personnel of the annealing department could be cut by over a third if all its work were accomplished on continuous annealers.

Men and Robots

Traditionally more preoccupied with yesterday's unpaid bills than the nature of tomorrow's society, most of the millworkers seldom worry much about the possibility of technological unemployment on a large scale in the years ahead. They have had good jobs, good pay, and plenty of overtime for many years. Until overtime disappeared and some layoffs started late this summer, they provided a poor audience for the more imaginative minority of worriers like Walt, who are aware that our expanding economy, even with the aid of a growing population and a long armaments-supported boom, has had some difficulty in absorbing just the increased production made possible by ever more rapid improvements of our traditional technology and the first contributions of the new super-machines. While a small minority of the workers express concern about the possibility that the technological revolution now getting under way could saturate the economy of our more slowly changing social order, many of the men have other kinds of gripes about the new machines and methods.

"The company shows no social responsibility when it brings in these new outfits," a local union official complained to me at Philip Murray Hall in Gary. "There's little or no attempt to train the older men to take these new jobs. The guy who's given most of his life to the company, learning and mastering some skill it needed—he's watching his job disappear while the kids with plenty from the books but little real experience get in on the gravy. It's getting so your chances of moving down as you get older are as good as your chances of moving up. I don't think there's one of the regular older men from the annealing department on that continuous annealer."

The criticism may be somewhat exaggerated, and the company's supervisors complain with equal bitterness that they have to tolerate incompetence among their operators on some of these new machines because strict enforcement of seniority prevents them from using younger men with better educations. One thing is certain: Every further encroachment of the new technology on the traditional methods of production brings a long battle between the union and the company over new pay rates, incentives, job descriptions, and assignments of men to the super-machine. These increasingly frequent controversies underline the demand of the new technics for skills not ordinarily developed under the old way of doing things.

The 'Feel' of Steel

Marshall, a giant Negro with whom I worked, epitomizes the old way and the old skills. He began work in the mill on jobs that demanded great physical strength. He stacked sheets of steel and tinplate, lifting a pile weighing three hundred pounds and slamming it down with such force that the compression of the air pounded the eardrums of a bystander. (It also prevented friction between the plates from binding them for that bare instant he needed to jiggle them into a neat pile.)

Today few men handle heavy materials directly. Marshall drives a big fork-lift tractor, but that mechanical handler of materials is essentially an extension and enlargement of his own powerful body as he hurries about picking up and setting down four and five thousand pounds of steel with the same deft competence with which he once handled three hundred pounds with his own hands. Indeed, he calls the tractor his horse, and when its batteries are low he reports that it is tired. Like Marshall, the operator of a lathe or plane or press "feels" through and

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with his machine the material with which he works. The finest and most refined products of our familiar conventional technology are but large, powerful, and complicated extensions of the operator's body and the skills he has acquired. Like the good ditchdigger who uses the simplest of tools, the industrial craftsman has needed experience more than theory and accumulated his technique through years of practice. Under such a system, promotion by seniority works well.

Serving the Giant

Just as the skills of the crew of a giant superbomber are different in kind as well as amount from those of the pilot of a Jenny in the First World War, so the knowledge and capabilities of the production team that runs one of the new technology's super-machines must be different in quality as well as amount of technical understanding from that of the old-style skilled operative. These newest industrial titans require a different kind of intuition, a feeling not so much for the interaction between machine and material as for the interrelationship of the different parts of some massive combination of motors, machinery, and electronic control system.

Instead of one skilled man pitted against the material to be treated, shaped, or otherwise changed, there is an operator who co-ordinates the work of the various parts of the machine complex with the co-operation of his team of assistants. Each of them attends to the particular activity of one section of the line, and electricians and mechanics make countless adjustments and repairs for the operator on the tall superstructures or within the labyrinthine basements where he cannot even see them. While the tractor drivers feed the endless hunger of the machine and carry away the product of its work, this crew of specialists watches the various parts, directing as necessary its motor muscles and its rudimentary brain, maintaining the correct and co-ordinated performance of those devices which actually work on the material.

"Of course, they'll always need *me*," a thin, wiry mechanic with over twenty years' service told me during a long conversation on a slow night turn. "All this new machinery just means more work for maintenance. But I know guys with more know-how in one hand than you'll ever have, guys who started on production when I hired in, and they're back hooking with the cranes. 'Cause what they know isn't worth a damn any more and they're too old to start studyin' the books. Listen, this thing's just getting started! Some day the only people in this damn mill will be us mechanics, you electricians, the bright boys who push the buttons, and the fellows who sweep the floors. And the bosses. Don't forget the bosses! They don't

seem to be able to invent a machine that can sit in an office all day with its feet on a desk."

He spat and got up from the bench where we were sitting to go back to his job. "Hell!" he added reflectively before he walked away, "even the sweepers ride around on machines now."

The New Work Life

The general disregard of what is happening in the very heart of our industrial civilization is evidenced by the failure of management to develop any sort of over-all policy for the creation of new skills among those who have devoted a lifetime to the acquisition of outmoded capabilities. The only "policy" seems to be a tendency to settle each such problem as it arises by a long and not always logical fight between managers preoccupied with profits and production and an aggressively defensive union.

Even though the workers have many fears about the technical revolution taking place where they work —fears of becoming obsolete, fears that they are not receiving their fair share of the ever-increasing productivity per man—almost all of them are deeply attached to other new qualities of their work life to which the machines have made a substantial contribution. Even the company time-study experts today estimate a little less than six hours' actual working time for most jobs. The other two hours of a normal shift are considered consumed by waste motion, eating, legitimate rest periods, and "socializing." But the managers are often optimistic in their estimates. A good many men work only four or five hours on the evening or night turns when the big bosses aren't wandering around, and some do less than that. In moments of candor both the engineers and those skilled workers who understand scientific work flow and the new technology agree that sustained efforts by the workers during an eight-hour day could increase production per man by at least a third.

That the company endures this less than vigorous work life with relatively mild protests is not just a consequence of the union's protection of the men. By applying their skills to the new machinery, these "loafers" are turning out products just about as fast as the economy can handle them. Since I moved into the Gary area three years ago, some important mill here has broken a previous production record on an average of at least once every two or three months. This is in contrast to the much slower expansion of volume of production in the "good old days" before the super-machines of the new technology invaded the mills and such management-troubling symbols as NLRB and CIO became established in the corporation's social environment.

In those days the factory worker was kept busy at his job all the time, whether for eight, ten, or twelve hours. Very often he could not pause to smoke and had to ask permission to go to the toilet and then might be timed (no more than four minutes). Top management had little concern for the practices of its production-floor supervisors, and the work was accomplished by keeping men rather than machines running at top speed. Any restriction of production was a dangerous underground operation or open mutiny, and whole crews could be fired at a moment's notice if the foreman suspected they were holding back.

Today the slogan is "Take It Easy!" Among the men, that is. (The slogans posted on signs and

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bulletin boards by the company have a different orientation.) Don't move too fast, they tell one another, have a smoke, stop for a "Coke," bother the foreman about some simple problem, take the tractor to the repair shop, pause for a little conversation. A new production record is being set anyway. Even the operators of the continuously running super-machines have plenty of relaxing moments for smokes, conversation, or a snack from the cafeteria. The men prize beyond measure this new work life that results from the protection of the union and the production of the machines, that allows them to leave in the evening ready for work or fun at home instead of shaking and frustrated with exhaustion.

Rip van Steelworkers

Yet the situation is neither stable nor wholly satisfactory. It is certainly frustrating for many supervisors who must maintain their ideology that hard work is necessary for high productivity and yet must tolerate their productive "loafers." One exceptional foreman in a large mill allowed his crew to sleep two hours on the midnight turn, in return for which they provided him with more production than the other two shifts who were not allowed such long "paid rest periods." The assistant plant superintendent unexplainedly (and unfortunately) wandered into the factory about four-thirty one morning and entered this silent and somnolent section.

The men were sleeping on benches, drowsing under sheets of cardboard, or napping in sitting positions against their machines. Some were hidden away in dark corners, but he discovered and awakened nine of them. This was not easy in every case, for a recently hired hand failed to recognize as a high-level supervisor the slim little man shaking his shoulder. "Go away, damn it!" he muttered and flopped down again, sound asleep.

The assistant superintendent entered the foreman's darkened office and awakened the head of this slumbering shift. "I want this stopped!" he commanded. "Don't ever let it happen again!' But though he had taken down the names and clock

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numbers of the nine he discovered sleeping, a clear violation of the contract, he did nothing else about it. This may have been in part good industrial diplomacy, but there was also that embarrassing fact of this crew's unexcelled productivity. The tremendous potential productivity of our mills presents such socially disrupting problems as the redefinition of our whole attitude toward work and the supposedly nonjob activity we call leisure.

This particular foreman had already made his adjustment. He translated the super's orders to his men in this way: "Don't ever let that happen again! From now on, some of you guys keep busy when the others sleep, and for God's sake sack in somewhere you can't be seen!"

The Conflict with Conscience

The situation is often uncomfortable for many of the men, too. In spite of their enjoyment of the increasingly easygoing work routines of the modern factory, they are basically production-minded. To loaf beyond a certain point offends their self-respect and insults both their skill and their strength and endurance. "I hate a rate-buster," one of the most anti-company men I've ever known remarked to me, "but I hate a loafer just as much. You get paid to do a job and you ought to do it."

Not so long ago the crews of one of Gary's blast furnaces staged a nineteen-day strike protesting the new high in production goals which management had attached to their incentive-pay scale after installing new, heavier cranes and improving the work flow. Feelings were running high when, defeated, they returned to their jobs. Yet a few days later, the new goals were reached. A delighted supervisor appeared on the scene with cartons of cigarettes and began handing a rewarding pack to each man. Some refused them and others threw the cigarettes into the furnace. After several such rebuffs he retired to his office, where he spent most of the remainder of the shift. Some months later the men exceeded the new goals and established yet another production record.

GROPINGLY, half consciously, the workers have sought to maintain some balance between their desire to produce and a sense of obligation and responsibility on the one hand and their fears on the other—fears of being paid less than a fair share of the value of what they produce, of surrendering the control over production that is their one weapon in conflicts with management, of becoming obsolete, of ending up unemployed. The minority's concern over jobs spreads slowly as the men become increasingly aware that the process of taking up the slack between what they could produce and what they actually do turn out by relaxing the factory work life is reaching a saturation point. "Think your job'll still be around ten years from now?" is a question asked more frequently as they walk past the super-machines that have done so much to make production per man soar despite the fear that inhibits most of the hands that run the mill.

The intrusion of the giant electronically controlled machine complex has already undermined the ability of the workers to reduce layoffs through their often subtle, many-faceted traditional system of controls over their own productivity. In the old annealing department any number of "normal complications" in work routine could arise so that the same number of men was needed to accomplish a temporarily smaller amount of work. But you can't slow down the continuous annealer in order to preserve jobs. For those workers who worry about future technological unemployment, this is just another omen. Their increasing undercurrent of foreboding is based on simple arithmetic: Some time, probably sooner than we think, the increase in productivity per man will rapidly outdistance the total increase in production. Then this irresistible new technology will, as Walt warned me, manufacture six-hour days or job-hungry men.

Is the English Channel Really Necessary?

RAY ALAN

I WAS FISHING in the untroubled waters of the Loire when I first heard of the Bilingual World. My host's dog brought me the news on his midmorning scamper down the vineyard carrying my copy of *Le Monde*. I shook the paper open and there it was—the fateful prologue to a Clochemerlesque tangle of parish-pump Machiavellianism and diplomatic disdain that was to cause brickbats to clatter across the somnolent salons of the Académie Française, a French government aircraft to develop a diplomatic breakdown in Moscow, the Quai d'Orsay to stamp on the corns of the Secretary of State for Fine Arts, a Pyrenean town to bedeck its streets with British Coronation streamers, and a Yorkshire grocer to be made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The news item looked innocent enough. It occupied about three column-inches, and but for the mention of two towns I knew I might never have noticed it. A Paris organization called Monde Bilingue, it said (I am quoting from memory), had decided to link selected British and French "pilot towns" in an educational and cultural exchange intended to promote English-French bilingualism: The British town would teach French in its primary schools, show as many French films as possible, put up street signs in French, and generally Gallicize itself; the French town would return the compliment. The movement's ultimate aim was to persuade the whole English-speaking world to adopt French as its second language from kindergarten up, and French-

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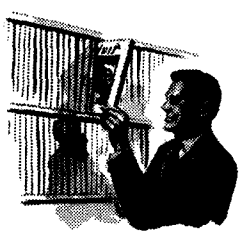

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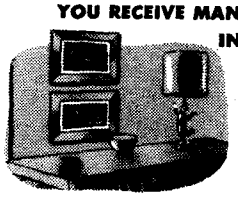

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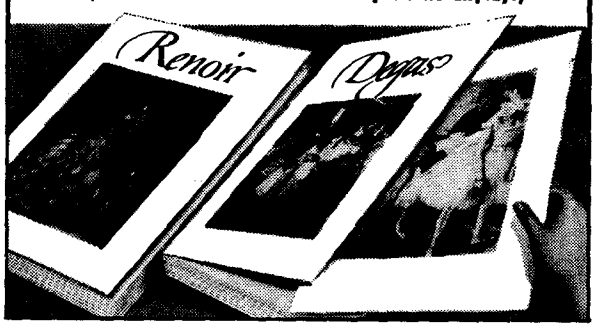

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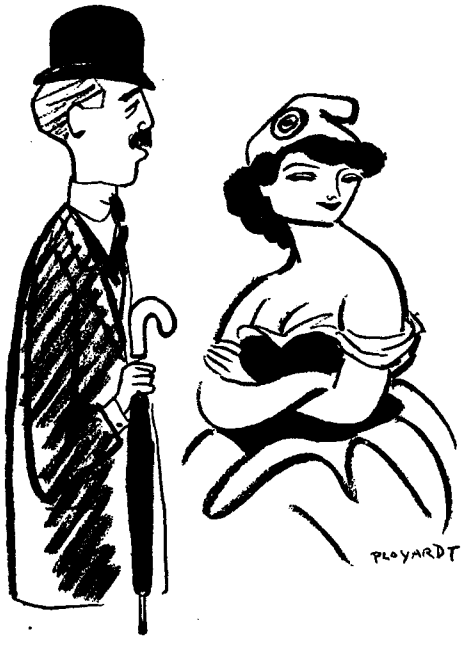
speaking communities to adopt English; all other countries would then be urged to opt for English or French, and a utopian bilingual world would gradually come into



being in which statesmen would be able to hurl threats at each other directly without the frustrating intervention of interpreters. How an English-educated Eskimo would communicate with, say, a French-speaking Tuareg was far from clear; the bilingualists probably hoped the dilemma would not arise.

Luchon (pop. 5,000), a spa in the Pyrenees, had been proposed by its mayor and Popular Republican Deputy, Alfred Coste-Floret, to start the avalanche on the French side, and Monde Bilingue had therefore decided that its British pilot town also should be a spa. The choice had fallen on Harrogate (pop. 50,000), in subarctic Yorkshire, and the movement's founder and secretary, M. Jean-Marie Bressand, intended to go there in the near future to inform the mayor and municipality of their good fortune.

M. Bressand, it was plain, had empire-building blood in his veins. (I discovered later that he had, in fact, once tried to found a French settlement in an inhospitable corner of Ecuador.) In Latin Luchon, midway between Andorra and Lourdes, anything is possible; but calmly to go on safari to the Toryest township in England and to announce that a committee of foreigners had decided to colonize it demanded a special brand of courage.

Confusion in Harrogate

An oasis of vast lawns and fragrant gardens in the grime and squalor of England's industrial north, Harrogate is the Shangri-La of British textile tycoons—the place to which (as the Labour *Daily Herald,* which sells about ten copies in the town, scoffed recently) they retire to die, and don't. The chairman of the local branch of the Socialist Fabian Society is a wealthy industrialist, and even the town's six or seven Communists are prosperously bourgeois government officials. To track down a genuine proletarian would require the services of a bloodhound.

Of the twenty-odd members of the municipal council, only one is a Labourite, and he got in on a split Conservative vote—something which had never happened before, and, say the denizens of the Conservative Club grimly, will never happen again. The West Yorkshire County Council, on the other hand, which controls education and other regional services in the area, is flamboyantly Socialist. Its members sigh paternalistically over Harrogate's political backwardness and shake their heads like Colonial Office panjandrums deploring the obtuseness of a difficult African tribe. Their sighs became incredulous gasps when the Harrogate municipality suddenly announced its approval of M. Bressand's bilingual scheme and its intention of Frenchifying the town for an experimental period in the summer of 1953.

"Bressand seemed such a decent sort of a chap," declared Mayor Milton, a local grocer, "it was impossible to turn him down."

There had been something almost apocalyptic about Bressand's unheralded eruption into the mayor's parlor. He is a tall, pale, handsome man of thirty-four, with dark, fervent eyes and the sincerity of an archangel. He knows no English, and no one at the municipal meeting hastily convoked to hear him spoke enough French to turn the occasion into a debate. Someone provided a rough translation of his thesis; and then, as no devastating antibilingual argument occurred to anyone, the gathering seems to have agreed that there could be no harm in having a go. Whether the pivotal moment of conversion came before or after those present noticed the gleam in the eyes of the town's publicity manager municipal records fail to reveal.

Consternation in Luchon

Luchon's window on the world is the four-page *Petit Commingeois,* which bears a nostalgic resemblance to the label on an Angostura bottle. BILINGUISME! it proclaimed over two whole columns. The regulars in the Marcel Bar were quite excited.

"This is a great step forward," declared the owner of a strong Spanish accent, "a reform long overdue. But it shouldn't be limited to Luchon; it should be extended along the whole Pyrenees."

"Yes," said the barman. "It's hard on a kid that hears nothing but Spanish at home to do lessons in nothing but French at school."

"Ah," murmured a doubting spirit, "but there the real problem presents itself. There's more Catalan spoken over here than Spanish; and Catalan is the language of commerce and the muleteers [Pyrenean euphemisms for smuggling and smugglers]. Is the second language to be Spanish or Catalan? Whichever it is, someone's going to be upset."

A quiet little man by the wall who had actually been reading the

news while the others discussed the headlines remarked: "According to this, it's going to be English."

There were several gasps of *"Pas possible!"*

"Well, see for yourself."

"But the English never come here nowadays," objected the Catalan authority. "They're broke since the

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war, like us. Anyway, it's American that's the important language now."

"You talk it out of the side of your face, like this," put in the barman, demonstrating.

"Or Russian," suggested the little man.

"Or Russian . . ." The shrug was that of a man who does not quibble over mere details. "Nevertheless, Catalan . . ."

Fireworks in Paris

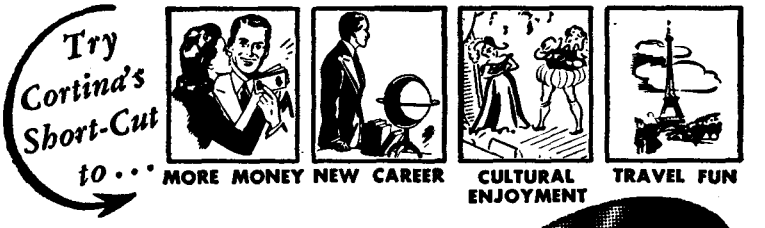
Discussion in Paris was better informed but less restrained. Champions of Esperanto, Ido, Interlingua, Intergloss, Novolatino, and a hundred other synthetic rivals were upset because after making the effort of learning one auxiliary language they didn't feel like taking on another—least of all one so full of *chinoiseries* as English. The Communists lashed Bressand as a hireling of American imperialism seeking to Cocacolonize French culture, and pointed to the messages of sympathy he had received from President Eisenhower (when chief of NATO), Mrs. Roosevelt, Kathleen Winsor, and the American Federation of Labor. But the real arm-twisting and gouging took place in ordinarily staid literary and academic circles.

Under the *coupole* of the Académie Française, MM. André Maurois, André Siegfried, and Emile Henriot came out in favor of bilingualism—to be denounced by their fellow Academician Georges Duhamel as the "enthusiastic accomplices or dupes" of a "sinister machination" to dethrone French as the language of culture and humanism in western Europe and the Mediterranean area. Professor Fernand Mosse of the Collège de France saw in Bressand's plan a dangerous "chimera" and a threat to France's national interests—"unless we are destined to become an American protectorate." Marcel Aymé had nightmares of the French language going "the same way as the French film and novel; the dollar will carry all before it and within a generation the peasants of Auvergne will be speaking nothing but English."

Professor Albert Dauzat of the Sorbonne, on the other hand, pilloried these critics as linguistic "mandarins" stranded spiritually in the eighteenth century. In *Combat*, Marc Gerschel trounced Duhamel as "the representative of bourgeois decadence." Then the Cultural Relations Department of the Quai d'Orsay spat on its hands.

Naturally suspicious of amateurish interlopers on its terrain, it made no bones about its mistrust of Monde Bilingue. Better informed than Bressand on English local administration, it knew that the Harrogate municipality's powers in the educational sphere were nil. Consequently, when the mayor of Harrogate formally invited M. André Cornu, Secretary of State for Fine Arts, to visit the town, the French Embassy in London was instructed to reply on his behalf in the negative. The same mail, however, brought Harrogate news from Bressand's office, through which an informal invitation had been sent, that M. Cornu would be delighted to come.

TORTUOUS, cumbersome, and almost Ottoman in its fatalistic ineffi-



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ciency when handling the affairs of the humble private citizen, the French Administration can summon up unsuspected reserves of dynamism in the pursuit of interdepartmental

feuds. A small-scale guerrilla war now broke out between Relations Culturelles and Beaux Arts. Energetic lobbying by Alfred Coste-Floret forced the Quai d'Orsay to retreat on the issue of M. Cornu's trip, but passport and other formalities affecting Monde Bilingue sympathizers who had planned to accompany him became mysteriously entangled.

The government aircraft in which M. Cornu and his companions were to travel was in Moscow, where it had broken down while collecting a party of French civilians captured by the Communists in Korea. It now proceeded to have a prolonged bout of engine trouble, remaining *en panne* until news came that the bilingualists had left anyhow in an uncomfortable military machine that further desperate lobbying had produced late on the third evening of Harrogate's French festivities.

Bureaucracy's Last Stand

But bureaucracy was to have another fling, its unexpected instrument the British customs, ordinarily a kindly group of men. To the traveler who turns up with, say, a barrel of cognac, a gold ingot, and a boa constrictor its representatives tip their hats, smile, and ask: "Now, sir, can we be of any assistance? Would you like a porter?" On this occasion they kept a distinguished French delegation kicking its heels for two hours late at night on a glacial airfield—it was the murky month of May, a subject on which the average English poet is about as reliable as Radio Moscow—while they conscientiously mussed up a cargo of dresses traveling on the same plane to a fashion show that Paris couturière Madeleine Vramant was giving in Harrogate. Her models spent the rest of the night ironing and pinning them back into shape and emerged looking dissipated enough to confirm many a Yorkshire matron's worst fears about Parisiennes when they appeared on parade the following afternoon.

The formalities for the temporary import of the dresses had, of course, been complied with in advance and the correct official forms filled in. Did the Quai d'Orsay have a secret agent on the airfield? Or was this a case of bureaucratic bush telegraph? The delegates were still wearily arguing the point when they reached their hotel at 3 A.M.

Fashion and La Cuisine

The gray sky over Harrogate's town hall was adorned with a shivering tricolor. In the vicinity of the Pump Room the smoke of Gauloises and Gitanes blotted out the smell of sulphur water. A French cancan rocked the tearoom gentility of the municipally owned Lounge Hall. Whistling yokels worked off a lifetime of inhibitions at Mme. Vramant's mannequin parade. The municipal publicity manager's desk was submerged in a sea of newspaper clippings, and the mayor received from M. Cornu the accolade of the Legion of Honor.

The nationalized electricity and gas monopolies sponsored courses in *la cuisine française*. (A record number of telephone calls was received by the municipal information bureau from French visitors anxious to know where they might obtain a civilized meal.) The respective demonstrators were a chic French housewife and a professor of French literature. The latter received a visit from a delegation representing the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"We understand, sir," said its spokesman, "that you intend to cook a lobster. Would you tell us how you propose to go about it?"

"With pleasure," said the professor, delighted by the interest these dour northerners were taking in France's most sacred art. "First, with a sharp knife, I cut it quickly—alive, of course—into four pieces . . ."

The lady delegates blanched. "I'm afraid, sir," said the spokesman firmly, "that we can't allow that sort of thing here."

"But what," asked the bewildered savant, "do you propose? That I wait for the creature to die of old age? How does one kill lobsters in England?"

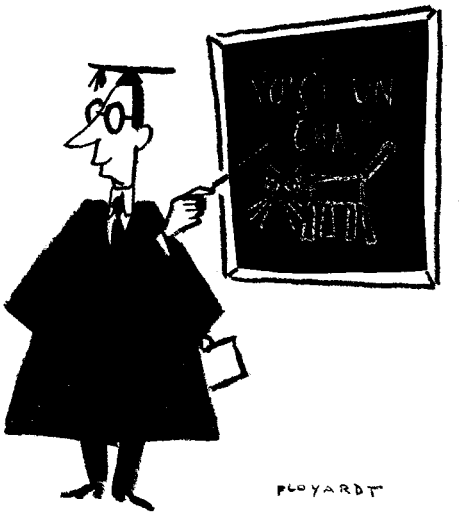
"We boil them in water."

The professor blanched. "But how cruel!"

The delegation drew itself up. "Oh, no, sir. That's the humane way—the *English* way."

La Reine to the Rescue

A "French" atmosphere is comparatively easy to create. The exportable appurtenances of the English way of life are elusive. Left-hand driving, boiled vegetables, tea with milk, lukewarm beer, bread-crumb sausages, cricket, hot-water bottles—



something more was needed to lure the Luchonnais from their *vin rosé* and Radio Andorra. But Alfred Coste-Floret was not mayor and Deputy for nothing.

When the late King George VI and his consort visited Paris the cry that rang along the boulevards was *"Vive la Reine!"* The sinister syllables *"Vive le Roi!"* do not come

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easily to healthy French throats. Today, this complication having vanished, the affectionate allegiance of even the stoutest French republican to the British Crown is complete, and the best sales boost a French illustrated paper can give itself is a big front-page picture of *la Reine*. (She is not *la Reine d'Angleterre*—just *la Reine*.)

Accordingly, Luchon's problem, when its turn came later on, was no sooner stated than solved. Harrogate was asked to pass on a few crates of used Coronation decorations, and Luchon was duly festooned with royal portraits, gilt crowns and heraldry, bunting, banners, and streamers—many of them still soggy from the English summer monsoon. Luchon might almost have been an English town *en fête*. Even the sky clouded over for a few days to help the illusion. There was an English-type pub, though the beer was too cold; and announcements incorporating English weights and measures at the post office served to remind Luchon what a blessing the French Revolution had been.

Aiming high, M. Coste-Floret had invited Princess Margaret. On receipt of the appropriate regrets an attempt was made to wheedle a Minister out of Whitehall. But however disinclined Whitehall was to follow the Quai d'Orsay to the barricades, it proved conspicuously unenthusiastic about bilingualism. When M. Cornu visited Harrogate he had been balanced at a municipal banquet by a Parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Insurance, the most junior form of political life London could send without giving offense. Protocol imposed no such obligations in Luchon, and M. Coste-Floret had to make do with an obscure but amiable Tory Member of Parliament.

Entente Fragile

The bunting and bilingual signs have been taken down. Harrogate and Luchon have retired from active service. But in Paris nearly a hundred Deputies and Senators have come out in support of bilingualism and a section of the press is harassing the Government by turning the issue into one of national honor. This complication is a hangover from Harrogate.

Pressed by stunt-wary journalists for news of definite educational developments, an inexperienced Harrogate town-hall spokesman sought an easy escape by declaring that on the municipality's initiative French had already been introduced into local primary schools. Back in Paris, M. Cornu, trying to be helpful, told a press conference he had actually conversed with the children at a Harrogate primary school in his native tongue. These sensational tidings were naturally carried by the entire French press, and even made such sober English journals as the *Observer* and the *Times*.

All that had really happened was that an itinerant Belgian linguist had been permitted to try out a series of educational films (for which he was seeking a market) on local children; and M. Cornu, being near-sighted, had genuinely mistaken a senior high-school class for a brood of infants. But academic circles in France were palpitated, and M. Bressand's political and journalistic friends set to work to shame the Government into making an "adequate response" to "Harrogate's courageous initiative."

BRESSAND himself is under no illusions. His eyes were opened by municipal coyness toward the one French class founded in Harrogate in response to his campaign—founded, in fact, by the unconsulted county education authorities as a token of good will. A municipal car scheduled to take him to inspect the class and meet an educational official mysteriously went astray. But he is grateful for the publicity "Harrogate's initiative" has won in Paris.

So, for converse reasons, are his opponents, who see in the Harrogate spokesman's solecism an instrument with which the Bilingual World can be given a *coup de grâce*. At the moment, the fiction of Harrogate's French-speaking primary-school children is still being fostered. The reaction in Paris, when the truth is revealed, may well be severe—particularly in the political and journalistic circles that have been making the most of the issue. Given luck and shrewd statesmanship, the Atlantic alliance may survive the strain; but no one likes to be sold a pup—even a bilingual one.

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'Heil!' and Farewell In Hamburg

MARYA MANNES

ON A GRAY windy Sunday in August, 250,000 Germans gathered in Hamburg's Stadtpark to sing evangelical hymns, to hear their bishops, and to feel that unity which they did not have and yearned for. Fifteen thousand were from Germany's East Zone. By Soviet permission, their names recorded for possible future use, they had swarmed to Hamburg by bus and train and plane, and there seemed to be hardly a household here that did not harbor one or more of these relatives, friends, and strangers who had crossed the line in search of faith and comfort.

"How different they look from us!" cried a German newspaperwoman who had spent two hours in the station the night before, waiting for a sister on the train from east Berlin. "The color of their skin —*their eyes—their shoes!*"

It was true: At the Stadtpark you could sort them out from their western fellows by a sweeping and deadly diagnosis. Their skins were gray-yellow, as if the tissues were dead. Their pale eyes were flat and dull, as if the retina itself had lost perception. Their shoes were lumps of indeterminate material encasing, but not conforming to, the feet. At best, a German crowd is not a handsome one; some of the women especially are oppressively plain, with drab skin, dry lips, broad rumps, and meager coils of hair. But the westerners at least had health and strong clothing, while those from the East were a ragged army of troglodytes blinking in the free air, brought to the surface only in those moments when in communion with their fellows, physical and spiritual, they felt whole again.

"Every minute," said another German woman, "they recognize people they have not seen for years. This is really what they came for—to see, to meet, to feel again."

"And to eat," said the first. "They cannot tear themselves away from the windows of food shops."

Memory and Fear

It was only the outsider, the foreigner, who viewed this mass with unease. For although God was the word and prayer the accompaniment, the vast rectangular stadium with its orderly quarter million, the long pennants hanging from the many poles, the faces turned with longing and love for the voice of authority (however benign) stirred memory into fear. Each group from each principality, East or West, would send its standard bearer to the rostrum, he would be presented to the crowd, and those belonging to the region would be commanded (cheerily, to be sure) to wave. *"Winken!"* the exhorter shouted, and a thousand handkerchiefs would flutter as one.

But this, said an Austrian radio man, was as nothing to the meeting of gymnasts the week before. "One hundred and fifty thousand of them came from all over for the *Turnfest* in the same stadium," he said, "and before that they marched—seventy-five thousand up one side of the Alster [the big lake in the center of Hamburg] and seventy-five thousand up the other, in perfect precision and all in white, with banners. We stood and looked from our windows, about twelve of us ,and we kept hearing *'Heil! Heil!'* at various intervals. What they were actually saying was *'Sport Heil!'* but you couldn't hear the *'Sport.'* "

Most Germans you meet say there is not the slightest danger of a Nazi revival. To be sure, there are plenty of neo-Nazis down in Lower Saxony, in Hannover, and of course there are parties of the Right—nationalist and all that. But Nazis here —no. And yet the memory is pricked with small alarms, insignificant as they may be. Any German crowd is, to those who remember the pictures of war, an album of recognition, a huge, extended lineup. There is the woman who screamed with ecstasy for Hitler. There is the man who broke the windows of Jewish shops. There—that cook in that woman's house—was a guard at Ravensbrück. That man was a Gestapo torturer. "Nonsense," the Germans would say. "We were not like that."

"They say there is much less bitterness toward us now than after the First World War," says an aristocratic Prussian widow.

A newspaperwoman agrees. "I think that is true, but in England you still cannot say the word 'Nazi.' They think all of us were murderers."

"Nonsense," says the aristocrat. And if anyone should mention the six million Jews, the answer would probably be (and often is) : "Impossible. Propaganda. A few thousand —maybe at most a million. But *six* million . . . nonsense."

In any case, they say that they have atoned for their sins by their suffering. "It is all over now. Now we must start again."

Phoenix-on-the-Elbe

And they have started again, as all will testify. If you confine yourself to the edges of the Alster and the center of town you cannot believe that Hamburg was a pile of rubble and ruins nine years ago. What has not been rebuilt has been made into

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parks, green and shaded, and in one of them is a modern sculpture exhibition, ranging from Rodin to Henry Moore, from the English Butler to the American Calder, from the German Scharf to the Italian Manzu.

New apartment houses, new office buildings, have sprung up everywhere, most of them in good clean modern design, their severity of line tempered by banks of flowers. The food shops are richer in range and quality than any in England and most in France. At first glance the clothing stores seem equally well stocked, and it is only on closer inspection that you discover the shoddiness of the goods.

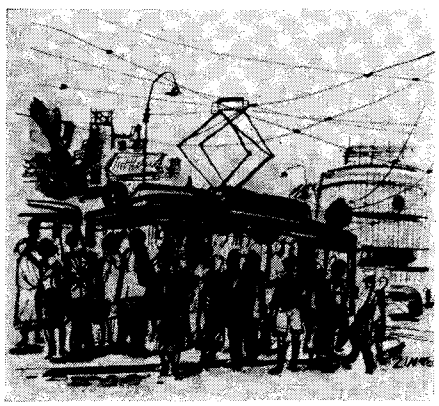
There are some smart women's clothes, especially in sportswear, but like so many things here they can be afforded only by the rich, and the rich are now emerging again. "The real fortunes here," said a cynical reporter, "are made by illegal traffic between East and West. And then, of course, there are always the shipbuilders and shipowners." Hamburg has now the second largest trade turnover of any port in Europe.

It is around the harbor area that you see what most of Hamburg must have looked like after the bombing—desolate areas rough with that long dreary grass that characterizes so many bomb scars in England and Europe. But the port itself is congested and vital, given an added element of drama by the frequent presence of Polish and Czech ships, the former from Danzig, the latter arriving via the Elbe all the way from Prague. About ten of these Czech barges were anchored in a separate slip and seemingly quarantined by guards and barbed wire along the docks, but their crews can come and go at will and the smuggling is constant—usually coffee, tea, and sugar for penicillin and sulfa, which are unprocurable in the East Zone.

Neither the German police nor the occupying power seems to lay a heavy hand on Hamburg, and it has the reputation of being the freest city of West Germany, if not, in effect, its natural capital. British soldiery are nowhere to be seen outside of their barracks and stations, and the police in general have an ease of bearing and tolerance of manner quite unlike the officious prewar types.

The Great Freedom

Night life is wide open. There is one small street alone in the St. Pauli district called Die Gross Freiheit (The Great Freedom) where many forms of delight are available at moderate cost, from ladies wrestling in mud to ladies bathing in bubbles. At one genial club only the women may ask the men to dance, and quite respectable females come there for an evening's relaxation. One, an Englishwoman of forty, explained



that she went to Hamburg for a week every year for this privilege, the innocence of which her husband would, she feared, be unable to understand.

Not so innocent is one street (in which the mother of Brahms once lived) where women sit half-clothed in lighted windows calling softly to the shopping men. Some are quite beautiful, some quite depraved, and the sight is more Macao than western Europe. Two of the houses in that street are owned by a Communist, and men of three intelligence services prowl there.

Not far from this street is a vaudeville house where audiences are now entranced by a conjuring wizard called Kalanag, who, one is told, has the added distinction of having once been Hitler's batman and driver under the name of Schreiber.

Religion and Work

It is not to be assumed from this parade of pleasures that all is happy and easy in German life. The great majority of Germans, though now well fed and adequately clothed, are poor, live in close quarters, and are deeply scarred by the last two decades. There are few families that have not lost most of their men and many of their roots. The East-West division has torn many apart who would ordinarily be together, and long before that disintegration had begun its work. In the faces of children from nine to eighteen is an expression to be seen nowhere else—a mixture of wariness, loneliness, and hope that pierces deep. More and more are turning to religion for a security which their broken families no longer can supply in adequate measure. Those who do not turn to the churches turn to work—that mighty German talent and anodyne. And in all of them that great compulsive wish to be one nation again—*ein Volk, ein Reich*—beats regularly like a common heart.

The greater dangers lie in wait for the young refugees from the East. By 1952, nearly 19,000 had come to Hamburg. By the end of 1953 there will be a thousand more. Boys and girls from fourteen to twenty-four, they have left their families in the East Zone for work, for hope, for freedom and adventure, and their assimilation into normal life is a constant challenge and problem for the West.

"Some of them are so cynical," said a social worker in one of the youth hostels. "They believe in nothing. They are old at sixteen. They have entirely forgotten what it is like to be free. Others, of course, have memories. It is the girls that worry us most . . . so many of them have done men's work in that Communist society—digging, truck driving, oh, almost everything—that they have lost their sex. They wear trousers all the time and are hard and rough, and the boys do not want them. Some of these can be brought back to their sex again, to their functions as women."

But these and other obstacles the Germans now face without despair, but rather with a steadily mounting confidence and pride. They know they are on the march again, and they are in that intermediate state of being where their two most dangerous corollary qualities—self-pity and arrogance—have not yet had the chance or climate to flower.

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The Gate and the Gout

BILL MAULDIN

THIS SUMMER, while touring Italy's ancient ruins and poking reminiscently through the ones I had helped make not so long ago, I stopped for gas in Genoa, and the service-station attendant motioned me, with a jerk of his thumb, to the end of a waiting line at the pump.

I had spent two long war years in Italy and even now was finding it hard to adjust to seeing the country through the eyes of a peaceable tourist rather than those of an invader. When I noticed that the car waiting ahead of me was a Volkswagen full of Germans, I couldn't help thinking how ironic and yet how nice it was that here we were, representatives of the two warrior tribes which had raked the length and breadth of this Italian gasoline salesman's country, meekly queueing up at a wiggle of his thumb.

I was headed for Portofino, to be house guest in a mountain villa rented for the summer by an American couple and their two small children. Actually, the wife had discovered and rented the place while her husband was in Paris on a business trip; he was due to arrive the same day as I. The house had been described in the letter of invitation as being huge, well staffed, and amazingly reasonable in price.

There was one drawback, my hostess-to-be had said in her letter. The only way to get to the villa was up a mile-long ox trail which was steep, rocky, and narrow, impassable for ordinary vehicles. I was to dispose of my car and phone her upon arrival so she could meet me in a jeep her Italian landlady had bought in war-surplus days and now let out to tenants along with the house, cook, and maid.

Half an hour after I had called the mountaintop and left word that I was waiting with baggage at the bottom, my hostess arrived on foot, out of breath and embarrassed.

"You're going to have to hoof it," she said. "I came down to boost your morale during the climb—it's a stinker—and help with any small bundles you may have."

Halfway up the hot, steep trail, we had to squeeze around the side of a huge, locked iron gate barring it.

"This is the trouble," my hostess said. "I haven't been able to use the jeep since I rented that darn place. I can't even take the kids to the beach. They're too little to climb and too big to carry."

"Didn't you know about the gate when you made the deal?"

"If you want to hear that same question asked in more colorful language, wait'll John gets here tonight. He's got a sore foot. He says it's an old piece of shrapnel but I think it's the beginning of gout. Whatever it is, he can't stand walking." She seemed about to cry.

I picked up a five-pound rock and advanced on the gate.

"My military career included many encounters with Italian locks," I said. "The bigger they come, the easier they crack."

"Stop! You can't do that!" she cried. "They'll have the law on us."

"The law?" I said. "The law?" I put the rock down.

"You're right," I said. "This is 1953, the year you line up behind Germans in an Esso station."

"When I first took the place," she told me, "I hardly noticed the gate because it was open. Next day I put the kids in bathing suits and started down in the jeep, and the gate was shut, just like it's been ever since.

"Of course, I was furious, and

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asked the maid and cook who was responsible for the gate. They said it was Signor Piazzola, a big real-estate man who lives on the mountain near me and actually owns the road, so he has a perfect right to lock the gate. The cook told me in confidence that Piazzola is feuding with my landlady."

"Have you tried talking to this Pianola?"

"Piazzola. I don't think a lady is supposed to call on a strange gentleman here. Maybe I could send a note, though. I hadn't thought of that. Maybe you can think up something proper and tactful. You've dealt with Italians before."

AFTER gulping down several gins-and-tonic, I began ghost-writing.

"Dear Signor Piazzola," I began, "This is a friendly letter from an American lady whose husband gave you a can of G.I. spaghetti and meatballs ten years ago when your belly button was beating a tattoo on your backbone.

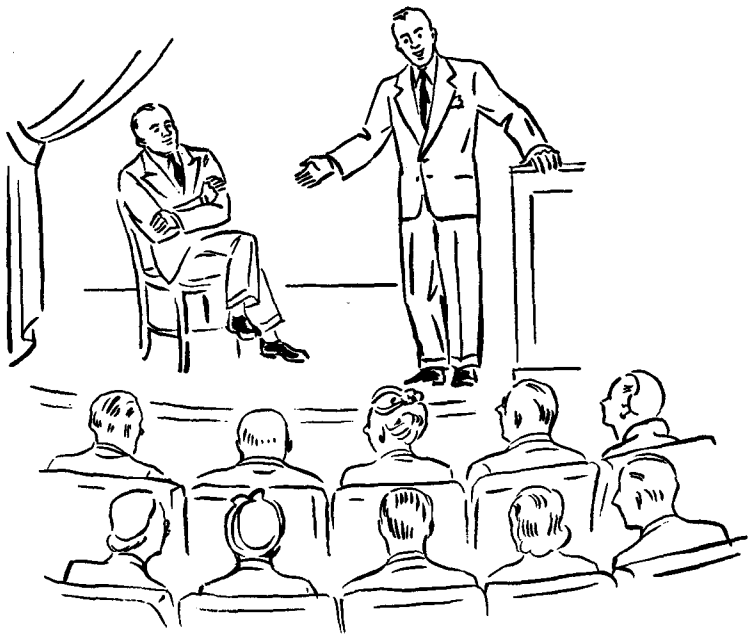
"I have just rented a villa belonging to a crooked old bat whose fight with you is no concern of mine, so would you please open your gate, so my husband, whose leg was shot off while kicking Germans out of your parlor, won't have to hobble up the cliff? Sincerely yours, signature."

"I think," said my hostess over my shoulder, "that I'd better just call on him after all. It may not be proper but this is a desperate situation."

"That's what I told you to do in the first place," I said. "Put on something fresh and low-cut and get his Latin blood boiling. But don't wheedle. Be proud. Remember John's sacrifices."

SHE WAS BACK in twenty minutes, clutching the key.

"He came to the door himself," she said. "He knew who I was and what I wanted, all right, and he was out to show me that all the charm in the world wouldn't move him. So I started to play on his pity by using that thing you wrote about John being crippled in the war, but I was so nervous I told the truth and said he had gout instead of shrapnel in his foot. Right away the old man was all sympathy and kindness. He said he suffers terribly from gout himself. . . ."



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It May Be Box Office, But Is It the Bible?

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

It seems we have had Salome all wrong. According to the Columbia movie "Salome," she was a good girl—as good, that is, as you could expect a fun-loving Rita Hayworth character to be—but she was betrayed by her evil mother. Rita—pardon me, Salome—liked to enjoy herself and all that, but she wouldn't want anybody's prophet killed, particularly not Stewart Granger's. Really, Mr. Granger had converted her, in one of the easiest and vaguest conversions on record, to The Law or Humanity or something, and she was going straight. She did her dance to try to *save* John the Baptist, and she was all busted up when they brought in John's head on a platter, his glassy eyes staring up at the ceiling through the ketchup. It was heart-rending.

The improvements that the moviemakers have worked in Salome's character are as nothing to the improvements that they have been working in the Bible for years. With the memories of "Quo Vadis," "David and Bathsheba," and "Samson and Delilah" still vivid, one would think we had had quite enough of Hollywood's own peculiar brand of Biblical interpretation for a while, but the movie men plainly have decided that we need still more spiritual food. According to a report in the New York *Times,* we are to be treated to no fewer than twelve of these "inspirational" pictures, including "The Robe"—now released after years of breathless anticipation; "The Prodigal," starring Ava Gardner (presumably as part of the Riotous Living) ; and "The Story of Mary Magdalene," in which Rita Hayworth will demonstrate her piety once more. Cecil B. De Mille, famous for his efforts in bringing the Bible to the multitudes, is going to persevere in good works by remaking "The Ten Commandments," and our Ambassador to Italy, Mrs. Luce, has written the screenplay for "Pilate's Wife." It's going to be a big year.

"Salome" represents this genre in something like its worst form: It has sex, crowds, noise, color, thrills, religious sentimentality, big names, and at the heart of it all a monumentally fatuous plot. The picture would not be worth further discussion if it were not that there are so many such pictures and they cost so much and so many people go to see them and they are so very bad.

They are not bad in just an ordinary way; they are bad in Hollywood's own colossal way. The stupidity at the center often is surrounded by all kinds of secondary excellence. The big stars show themselves in these movies, and serious performers, too, are somehow persuaded to appear in supporting roles, as Judith Anderson, Charles Laughton, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke do in "Salome." One of Hollywood's more intelligent directors, William Dieterle, directed "Salome." The color may be colorful, the music may be musical, the cutting and camera work and costuming and sets may all be the best of their respective arts. Subordinate parts of the plot may even make some sense. These Biblical spectacles represent an impressive display not only of material abundance but also of technical skill and creative ingenuity. And all of this is expended to make a picture whose high moment is a shot of Rita Hayworth rolling awkwardly on a rug.

The American motion-picture industry—and some would say America as a whole—seems to be more able to

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handle technical problems than interpretative and moral ones, and therefore tends to treat the former as the really significant problems. Hollywood's response to the inroads television has made on the movies appears to be a frantic search for a new technical "improvement," even at the expense of a considerable debasement of the content of the films. In this new age of depth, width, height, curvature, expansion, Natural Vision, stereophonic sound, and all the other cinematic wonders, the Biblical epic seems destined to be one of the chief vehicles for conveying to the world the new marvels of cinema technology, and at the same time, inadvertently and ironically, for revealing new dimensions of spiritual obtuseness.

But these films, so weak in spirit, are plenty strong in the flesh, and that in a very literal sense. Fortunately for them, what might be called the original Bible provides a goodly number of stories about women presumed to be beautiful, so that Hollywood's version of the Bible can go along for quite a while.

"Salome" is built from this surefire formula, religion baptizing sex and sex making religion more interesting. In case anyone should miss the fact that Miss Hayworth represents sex, she is greeted whenever she makes an entrance, which is what she does most of in the picture, by a surge of violins, a stir in the crowd, a great deal of ogling by the male members of the cast, and considerable dialogue about her beauty. She is carried up through the crowd, for instance, in a fancy sedan chair, her face all covered with a veil and yet another elaborate costume of fancy colored silks flowing about her, and the music swells, and then, perhaps, we cut to Charles Laughton and Stewart Granger looking down at her from a balcony, awestruck, and informing each other what a jewel of beauty she is, yes, a veritable gem. On a few occasions Miss Hayworth is shown by herself, and the audience is permitted to draw its own conclusions.

THE DANCE, of course, is the climax of the picture, so much so that the creator of it gets a panel in the credits all to herself, just like the director. But when we finally get to the dance, it turns out that Charles Laughton as Herod, and not Rita Hayworth, is the big star. Once again the film exerts itself to demonstrate vicariously that, by golly, this *is* sexy. Miss Hayworth does stride around the platform, fluttering scarves, taking off veils, rolling her shoulder and one thing and another, but every few feet the camera cuts to Laughton's face, close-up against a blood-red background, and he drools, and snorts, and leers, and stares, and pants in a display of passion so altogether overwhelming that Miss Hayworth's mild efforts seem insufficient to account for all the uproar.

'The Message'

But the secondhand character of the sex is outdone by the eclectic character of the religion. The message of John the Baptist, for example, is a weird mixture of a few of the Biblical phrases attributed to John, plus a kind of script-writers' synthetic pseudo-Biblicism ("those who live in hatred and strife shall be banished from the universe"; "truth shall be clear as crystal"; "you shall blossom like the rose") and, for good measure, some out-and-out modern sentiment, as when John speaks glowingly of a future time "when humanity shall prevail." Stewart Granger expresses his faith in these same terms to his old chief, Pontius Pilate: "I have found a loyalty greater than Rome—humanity."

But for John the Baptist to voice a modern script-writer's confusion between God and humanity is more than an anachronism. It is evidence of the reason why these Biblical movies are so un-Biblical: They do not acknowledge that the significance of the Bible lies in its interpretation of life and not in its details. If these movies bear any relation to the Bible at all, it is only in the most inconsequential of these details; that there are distinctive Biblical *ideas* different from the prevailing modern ones does not in the slightest way suggest itself in these films. These pictures are modern pulp-magazine stories, with some names and events taken from the historical sections of the Bible.

In "David and Bathsheba," which was better than most of these Biblical films, it was not just that Bathsheba's arm plainly bore the mark

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of a smallpox vaccination, or that David urged Uriah to try to look at things from the woman's point of view, but that Bathsheba's relationship to David was made a modern romantic love story. In "Quo Vadis" a genial and avuncular St. Peter told his boy companion that maybe when they were through fishing for men they would have a little time to fish for fish! These movies are like that, a grafting of Biblical figures and events onto essentially modern categories. They make mention of Galilee and of the Jordan, but the message comes straight from Southern California.

THIS MESSAGE is that the real world is that of size, color, noise, thrills, and the most primitive and immediate emotions, the world of earthquake, wind, and fire. The Biblical movies appeal to the same motives and imply the same scale of values as the beast and monster pictures, with supersize lizards and the like, or the 3-D films in which the audience is pelted with arrows, sped over roller coasters, and leapt at by lions. The whole approach is literal and materialistic. When a heavenly vision or a miracle is shown, it is represented with a physical exactitude that only a scientific age would consider important. God becomes a kind of super magician who works strictly physical and capricious miracles, and the Bible is treated primarily as a book of tall tales about His tricks.

A few details taken from the history, drama, and legend of the Bible are removed from the context of the meaning of the whole Bible, and given meaning instead from the sentimentalities of contemporary popular culture. As in a soap opera, good and evil are separated and embodied in particular persons; in "Salome" it is important that the audience understand that Herodias is Bad, so great pains are taken to make this unmistakably clear by her lines, by the curl of Miss Anderson's lip, and by the sinister visage of her adviser. As in cowboy fiction, virtue is very specifically rewarded on earth, and vice is very specifically punished.

The American motion-picture industry does make films of sensitivity and insight, and it is not entirely the fault of Hollywood that the "religious" pictures are not among them. Some of the blame must rest on the kind of religion in America which provides the audience for these films. If people are taught that there is some special edification to be derived from the annual repetition of the details of the story of David and Goliath, or from the memorization of Biblical verses out of context, or from the dressing up of three boys from the Intermediate Department in bathrobes and bedroom slippers to play Wise Men in the pageant, then people are sure to think these movies are religious. Both those whose religion consists in gritting the teeth and holding on for dear life to the literal historical truth of every word of the Bible and those who think religion is equivalent to current popular sentiments can find their creeds represented in these films.

The closing scene of "Salome," Rita Hayworth and Stewart Granger listening to the Sermon on the Mount, is exactly like the colorful, strictly representational pictures of that event on the covers of many Sunday-school leaflets, and the film's closing gimmick—a "this was the beginning" in place of "the end"— is not unlike the twists and tricks of many preachers' sermon titles. These movies play to the crudest part of American religiosity, a part which unfortunately is not small.

The Pity Of Alan Paton

ERIC LARRABEE

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE, by Alan Paton. *Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.*

"OUT OF AFRICA," said Pliny the Elder, "always something new." Out of South Africa we have been getting something less new than paradoxical, which is a coincidence of political decline and literary elevation, of *apartheid* on the one hand and on the other an inexplicable flowering of humane talent: Uys Krige, Peter Abrahams, Jack Cope, and numerous others—among them Alan Paton. Out of Mr. Paton we do have something new, his second book, as awkwardly titled as the first —*Too Late the Phalarope.*

It is an admirable volume, though flawed, partly by the preconceptions that readers may bring to it and partly by the account thereof the author has taken. In some respects he has let himself be distracted, by the power of his own moral suasion, from the obligations of the book itself. Yet among its virtues is that of turning another face to the world than the thick-set intransigence of the racists, so that one may read the novel as an implicitly political document—learning in the process that other intelligent views may be held of South Africa than one of perfunctory agitprop disgust. The unhappy country that gave us Malan cannot be defined without saying that it also gave us Alan Paton, who is no negligible gift.

Inevitably a reader of *Cry, the Beloved Country* will open the new book in the hope not only of having South Africa defined to him but having it done as successfully as Mr. Paton did it before. Here there may be disappointments. Having made himself plain in his first novel—as plain as an individual can be asked to make himself in such a riven land —Mr. Paton has reduced his perspective by two dimensions. Having said his say about black and white in the terrible grip of one another, he has limited himself this time to the single group of whites whose qualities dominate his country, the Afrikaners, and has chosen to speak through their mouths.

In this respect, *Too Late the*

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Phalarope is to an *Uitlander* by definition a third of the book its predecessor was, though in South African terms it may be the more important of the two. Mr. Paton has tried to see as sympathetically as possible into the needs, the humility, the necessities, and the hope of the most extreme believers in white supremacy on the African continent. He has made the Afrikaners human, which is an achievement. If he has done so in terms they can accept, he may have succeeded in giving them a conscience, which would be the miracle his nation sorely needs.

THE AUTHOR'S taste for laboriously *outré* titles is matched by his choice of awkward literary devices. Here he tells the story of one man's sexual misstep and consequent destruction as they appeared to a spinster aunt. To lend verisimilitude to her otherwise unconvincing knowledge of his inmost thoughts, Mr. Paton must invent an improbable diary to cover the gaps. Like the universal camera eye that broods over *Cry, the Beloved Country,* this is an unsatisfactory mechanism: Only Mr. Paton's rolling eloquence and irresistible confidence in the truth of his own visions make it work.

This time, in addition, through the eyes of an Afrikaner woman—"I am one of a people who in this matter of black and white suffer no confusion"—there is less to be seen: less of the physical beauty of the African landscape, less of the Negro African character, less of the miraculously beneficent communal self-help that brought *Cry, the Beloved Country* to its extraordinary close. On the credit side, this restraint makes for a cleaner piece of work. It does away with the sentimental rural-versus-urban antitheses (and some elements of overzealous naïveté about the ease and merits of technical agricultural assistance) that marred the previous book. It does not, at the same time, deface the rhetoric of insistent compassion—of the demanding belief that men must be heroes more often than they choose—which is Mr. Paton's special talent.

Two books are little enough to go on, but to date the author has also shown himself preoccupied with the conflict of fathers and sons, the latter symbolizing hope veiled in apparent despair. Afrikaner society is powerfully shaped by its fathers—fierce, uncompromising old men—who hold to their iron code at the cost of shattering families and blighting peripheral lives with guilt and shame: ". . . a people of rock and stone in a land of rock and stone."

The central figure of *Too Late the Phalarope,* Lieutenant Pieter van Vlaanderen, child of this race, though an athlete and admired agent of the law, has the flaw of aesthetic softness and hunger; and when these extend to a dark-skinned woman they tear him down and a whole ragged chunk of the social fabric with him. The Afrikaner world, as Mr. Paton shows it, is a world in which this small an act may have this large a consequence, in which tension is great enough to require only a tiny trigger to set it off. Lieutenant van Vlaanderen is an enviable man, even for his faults, but Mr. Paton can find no better destiny for him than self-sacrifice to the idiocy of his people. In two books now Mr. Paton has seemed to be saying that there is no hope except for the weakness of the sons to be the salvation of the fathers, which is not an optimistic message.

Sex is not the whole of Africa's problem (in Portuguese Angola, not too many hundred miles to the north, an affair of offhand miscegenation would be trivial), but it seems to be the Afrikaners', whom all of Mr. Paton's pity and affection can barely relieve of their anguish, their agonized willingness to be destroyed rather than abandon an ancient fanaticism.

Safety in Repulsion

"I would like to be like that myself, if I could," says his Lieutenant of a friend who professed an instinctive physical repulsion for other races, "for to have such a horror is to be safe." This, rather than exposure and disgrace, is the tragedy of Pieter van Vlaanderen, trapped by the breadth of his own awareness and desire into turning away from the thin-blooded, Anglo-Saxon constraint of his wife toward the dark, forbidden fascination of an immoral native girl—and then hating himself for his own humanity. Of a people who institutionalize such lunacy one can only say with Martin Flavin that he thought we had a race problem until he went to South Africa.

Mr. Paton is just enough of a novelist, and not too much of a moralizer, to let his story stand. It is not his function, after all, to satisfy a foreign curiosity as much as it is to expose the hearts of his countrymen to themselves. *Too Late the Phalarope* offers no pathway out of the dead end into which the Afrikaners have driven themselves; it is therapy for the Afrikaner mind. To Mr. Paton their humanity is a thin flame in the wind, to be shielded and cozened by the sustained nourishment a novelist can give it, but such a feeble thing that an ill-timed insult from an antagonistic outsider might blow it out.

Mr. Paton shows South Africans the abyss—and the stars. The tragedies of his two books would not have come to pass if his characters had only been able to overreach themselves, do the impossible, and prove in their context that disaster is not inevitable. He extends his pity to the failures like Pieter van Vlaanderen, in the hope that their self-immolation in print will save his compatriots the need to act the sacrifices out in fact. It is not a pretty spectacle, or always the best stuff of art, but the least we can do is wish him well of it.

EVERYONE, of course, cannot be a hero all the time. The disadvantage of describing a country's plight in categorical terms, as Mr. Paton does, is that the intended catharsis may turn to prophecy, the safety valve become the only outlet. Here the bold, Biblical relief of Mr. Paton's books, which broaden our understanding of men and women as distant as Africa, may limit their understanding of themselves. There are always, as the recent history of our own South suggests, more solutions than you think there are to insoluble problems. There are other ways of viewing the collision of black and white (for example, Joyce Cary's) than Mr. Paton's. And there are other kinds of compassion than that which expends itself on the theme of regeneration through suffering. Mr. Paton's tragedies are ennobling and wise, but tragedy is not the only avenue to understanding and charity, or to faith in the African future.

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The Case Does Not Rest

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS, by the Earl Jowitt. *Doubleday. $3.95.*

ALGER HISS has been eligible for parole since last November, but the Hiss case, like a play whose last act has not yet been performed, is still with us. Even after the man has paid his legal debt to society, most of us will probably go on feeling that he still owes us something. Hiss's perfectly disciplined, slightly priggish reticence is even more puzzling to us than the maze of Dostoevskian writhings and ragings Whittaker Chambers has seen fit to reveal. Lacking a final speech from one of the protagonists to bring the action to full resolution, people like Lord Jowitt will be moved to speak up from the audience, trying to make sense and order out of the fragments we have seen.

WHEN JOWITT'S book was withdrawn from publication four months ago, there was some speculation as to whether the publishers had been prompted by a reluctance to offend some of our Congressional literary critics. But Doubleday announced that it had merely postponed the publication date to correct some errors of fact, and the promptness with which the book has been released happily removes all doubts on that score.

Jowitt, who occupied Great Britain's highest judicial office—the Lord Chancellorship—for six years under the Labour Government, says that he has "attempted to deal with the case from the detached point of view of a lawyer who desires merely to review the evidence which was presented in the course of the case." To his end, he had at his disposal all the facts that would be available to an American Court of Appeals plus the advantage of being a foreigner, and therefore presumably not a party to the domestic political controversy that has been superimposed on the facts. His study of the case leaves him convinced that the bulk of the evidence which tipped the balance against Hiss was largely irrelevant to the specific charges of the indictment, and that even in the strictly relevant evidence there were flaws and gaps.

Such a book might have been a valuable addition to the growing literature on the Hiss case, but Jowitt mars his development of a well-reasoned if unpopular thesis by making it quaintly obvious—as when he says that witnesses who disagreed with Chambers "were going in to bat on a very sticky wicket"—that he simply doesn't see how anyone could believe a type like Chambers. The publishers have removed the errors of fact, but they have not been able to scrub away the author's bias, which may very well have been what caused him to make the errors in the first place.

It may be true, for example, that "Had the case been tried under the English system, much of the evidence would have been regarded as inad-

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missible," but that doesn't make the testimony of Hede Massing Gumpertz and Edith Murray—both of whom contradicted important parts of Hiss's testimony—any less damaging to Hiss.

As FREQUENTLY happens in situations where the ultimate facts are unknown, the Hiss case has been a source of sectarian beliefs which are defended with jealous passion by those who hold them.

The creed of the dominant sect, against which Jowitt takes his stand, runs something like this: *Chambers produced copies of classified State Department documents; he says that they were given to him by Hiss; and according to expert testimony many of the copies were made on a typewriter that once belonged to the Hiss family, and several were in Hiss's own handwriting: Therefore Hiss gave copies of classified State Department documents to Chambers.* This surely was the core of the case against Hiss.

Jowitt has spotted what he considers a weakness in the logic: "The offence of perjury can be established only if the evidence of the accusing

witness be corroborated; if Chambers had said: 'I produce photographs of secret documents—the secret documents were handed to me by Alger Hiss,' there could have been no conviction without some corroboration—and there was, as I see it, no such corroboration, except such as could be deduced from the documents themselves . . ."

The corroboration that Chambers offered instead was a trip to Peterboro, New Hampshire, a prothonotary warbler, the color of wallpaper in an upstairs bedroom—a massive welter of details no one of which was convicting, but which, taken all together, persuaded the jury that a man could not tell a story like that unless there were some truth to it. To even the most devout Hiss partisans it is clear that Hiss knew Chambers far more intimately than he has so far been willing to admit. But Jowitt has analyzed the same evidence, and he remains unpersuaded of Hiss's guilt.

The creed of the dissenting—some say heretical—sect which Jowitt has joined proceeds from another set of postulates to an opposite conclusion. It goes like this: *No one except Chambers has testified that Hiss was engaged in an espionage conspiracy; the evidence as to the documents could conceivably have been forged; and Chambers, by his own voluminous confessions, has devoted a major part of his life to just such villainy: Therefore there is at least a reasonable doubt about Hiss's guilt.* Those who subscribe to this faith point out that Hiss's attorneys had a typewriter manufactured whose print some experts found indistinguishable from the examples that were used in the trials, and also that the hand-written documents, which could have been stolen, would be practically indecipherable to anyone except Hiss. They cite scores of minor inconsistencies in Chambers's story, thus following Chambers's lead in piling up a mass of details that have little or nothing to do with the central issues of the case, and entering a competition that they cannot possibly win in view of Chambers's immense resources of publicity. And finally they drop dark hints about what Chambers's motives might be for framing Hiss.

MOST OF US, wearied and perhaps a little sickened by the case, have come to accept Chambers's explanation. But even after we have done that, doubts keep cropping up.

Why can't we let go of this case? Why isn't it possible to accept the objective facts for what they are, as one would in any other case, to sort out the discrepancies and to make the distinctions that need to be made—Chambers is a sick man and perhaps even a dangerous man in his new role as a prophet of apocalypse, but he is probably telling the truth about Alger Hiss—and then to put the matter aside, instead of going morbidly on exhuming the past?

A trial is in many ways a theatrical performance, and we cannot help expecting a climax. This one, we sense, is a tragedy in the classic Aristotelian form—one in which a man of a certain greatness and a certain reputation for goodness is brought to ruin through some tragic flaw (certainly pride in this instance). But although there was enough evidence to convict the protagonist in a court of law, there was not enough to remove all doubts about either his acts or his motives, and he has so far refused to provide us with that final moment when he recognizes his own ruin and, by submitting to it, effects a proper purgation of the tragedy.

In this void, the tragedy of one man—perhaps of two men—expands to seem much bigger than it is, to symbolize a general guilt that is unspecified and unpurgeable.

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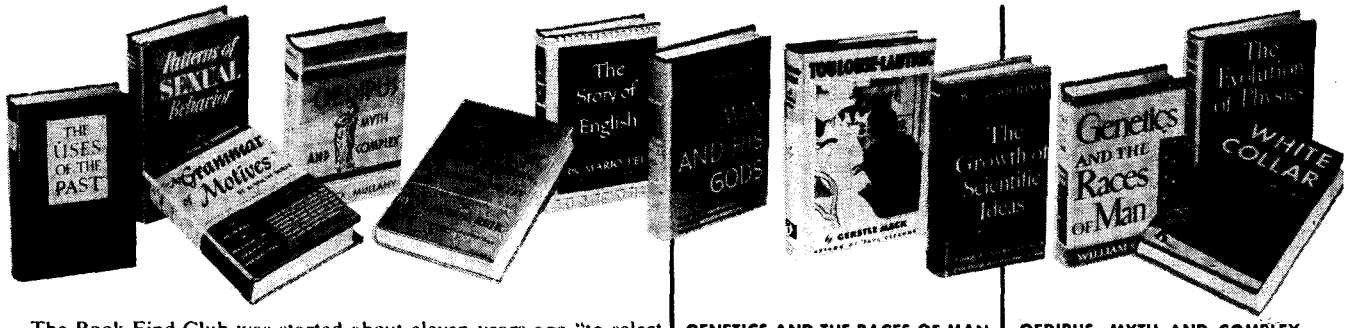

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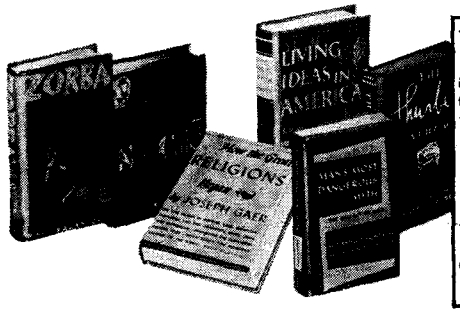

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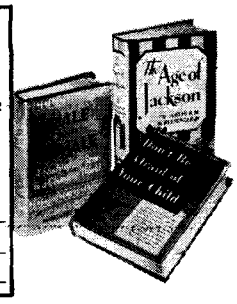

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